The Independent.

"But as we were allowed of God to be put in Trust with the Gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing Men but God, which trieth our Hearts."

VOLUME XIV. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1862. NUMBER 686.

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The Independent.

THE PEARL OF ORR'S ISLAND:

A STORY OF THE COAST OF MAINE.*

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER X.

THE next day the Signor Don Guzman de Cardona arrived, and the whole house was in a commotion of excitement. There was to be no school, and everything was bustle and confusion. I passed my time in my own room in reflecting severely upon myself for the imprudent words by which I had thrown one more difficulty in the way of this poor harassed child.

Dolores this day seemed perfectly passive in the hands of her mother and sisters, who appeared disposed to show her great attention. She allowed them to array her in her most becoming dress, and made no objection to anything except removing the bracelet from her arm. "Nobody's gift should take the place of her mother's," she said, and they were obliged to be content with her wearing of the diamond bracelet on the other arm.

Don Guzman was a large, plethoric man, with coarse features and heavy gait. Besides the scar I have spoken of, his face was adorned here and there with pimples, which were not set down in the miniature.

In the course of the first hour's study, I saw him to be a man of much the same stamp as Dolores's father—sensual, tyrannical, passionate. He seemed in his own way to be much struck with the beauty of his intended wife, and was not wanting in efforts to please her. All that I could see in her was the settled, passive paleness of despair. She played, sang, exhibited her embroidery and painting, at the command of Madame Mendoza, with the air of an automaton; and Don Guzman remarked to her father on the passive obedience as a proper and hopeful trait. Once only, when he, in presenting her a flower, took the liberty of kissing her cheek, did I observe the flushing of her eye and a movement of disgust and impatience, that she seemed scarcely able to restrain.

The marriage was announced to take place the next week, and a holiday was declared through the house. Nothing was talked of or discussed but the *corbeille de mariage* which the bridegroom had brought—the dresses, laces, sets of jewels, and cashmere shawls. Dolores never had been treated with such attention by the family in her life. She rose immeasurably in the eyes of all as the future possessor of such wealth and such an establishment as awaited her. Madame Mendoza had visions of future visits in Cuba rising before her mind, and overwhelmed her daughter-in-law with flatteries and caresses, which she received in the same passive silence as she did everything else.

For my own part, I tried to keep entirely by myself. I remained in my room reading, and took my daily rides, accompanied by my servant—seeing Dolores only at meal times, when I scarcely ventured to look at her. One night, however, as I was walking through a lonely part of the garden, Dolores suddenly stepped out from the shrubbery and stood before me. It was bright moonlight, by which her face and person were distinctly shown. How well I remember her as she looked then! She was dressed in white muslin, as she was fond of being, but it had been torn and disordered by the haste with which she had come through the shrubbery. Her face was fearfully pale, and her great dark eyes had an unnatural brightness. She laid hold on my arm.

"Look here," she said, "I saw you and came down to speak with you."

She panted and trembled, so that for some moments she could not speak another word. "I want to ask you," she gasped, after a pause, "whether I heard you right? Did you say—"

"Yes, Dolores, you did. I *did* say what I had no right to say, like a dishonorable man."

"But *is it true?* Are you sure it is *true?*" she said, scarcely seeming to hear my words.

"God knows it is," said I despairingly.

"Then why don't you save me? Why do you let them sell me to this dreadful man? He don't love me—he never will. Can't you take me away?"

"Dolores, I am a poor man. I cannot give you any of these splendors your father desires for you."

"Do you think I care for them? I love you more than all the world together. And if you do really love me, why should we not be happy with each other?"

"Dolores," I said, with a last effort to keep calm, "I am much older than you, and know the world, and ought not to take advantage of your simplicity. You have been so accustomed to abundant wealth and all it can give, that you cannot form an idea of what the hardships and discomforts of marrying a poor man would be. You are unused to having the least care, or making the least exertion for yourself. All the world would say that I acted a very dishonorable part to take you from a position which offers you wealth, splendor, and ease, to one of comparative hardship. Perhaps some day you would think so yourself."

While I was speaking, Dolores turned me toward the moonlight, and fixed her great dark eyes piercingly upon me, as if she wanted to read into my soul. "Is that *all?*" she said; "is that the only reason?"

"I do not understand you," said I.

She gave me such a desolate look, and answered in a tone of utter dejection, "Oh, I didn't know, but perhaps you might not want me. All the rest are so glad to sell me to anybody that will take me. But you really do love me, don't you?" she added, laying her hand on mine.

What answer I made I cannot say. I only know that every vestige of what is called reason and common sense left me at that moment, and that there followed an hour of delirium in which I—we both were *very* happy—we forgot everything but each other, and we arranged all our plans for flight. There was fortunately a ship lying in the harbor of St. Augustine, the captain of which was known to me. In course of a day or two passage was taken, and my effects transported on board. Nobody seemed to suspect us. Everything went on quietly up to the day before that appointed for sailing. I took my usual rides, and did everything as much as possible in my ordinary way, to disarm suspicion, and none seemed to exist. The needed preparations went gayly forward. On the day I mentioned, when I had ridden some distance from the house, a messenger came post-haste after me. It was a boy who belonged specially to Dolores. He gave me a little hurried note. I copy it:

"Papa has found all out, and it is dreadful. No one else knows, and he means to kill you when you come back. Do, if you love me, hurry and get on board the ship. I shall never get over it if evil comes on you for my sake. I shall let them do what they please with me, if God will only save *you*. I will try to be good. Perhaps if I bear my trials well, he will let me die soon. That is all I ask. I love you, and always shall, to death and after. DOLORES."

* Entered according to Act of Congress, by Joseph H. Richards, in the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

There was the end of it all. I escaped on the ship. I read the marriage in the paper. Incidentally I afterwards heard of her as living in Cuba, but I never saw her again till I saw her in her coffin. Sorrow and death had changed her so much that at first the sight of her awakened only a vague, painful remembrance. The sight of the hair bracelet which I had seen on her arm brought all back, and I felt sure that my poor Dolores had strangely come to sleep her last sleep near me.

Immediately after I became satisfied who you were, I felt a painful degree of responsibility for the knowledge. I wrote at once to a friend of mine in the neighborhood of St. Augustine, to find out any particulars of the Mendoza family. I learned that its history had been like that of many others in that region. Don Jose had died in a bilious fever, brought on by excessive dissipation, and at his death the estate was found to be so incumbered that the whole was sold at auction. The slaves were scattered hither and thither to different owners, and Madame Mendoza, with her children and remains of fortune, had gone to live in New Orleans.

Of Dolores he had heard but once since her marriage. A friend had visited Don Guzman's estates in Cuba. He was living in great splendor, but bore the character of a hard, cruel, tyrannical master, and an overbearing man. His wife was spoken of as being in very delicate health—avoiding society and devoting herself to religion.

I would here take occasion to say that it was understood when I went into the family of Don Jose that I should not in any way interfere with the religious faith of the children—the family being understood to belong to the Roman Catholic Church. There was so little like religion of any kind in the family, that the idea of their belonging to any faith savored something of the ludicrous. In the case of poor Dolores, however, it was different. The earnestness of her nature would always have made any religious form a reality to her. In her case I was glad to remember that the Romish Church, amid many corruptions, preserves all the essential beliefs necessary for our salvation, and that many good and holy souls have gone to heaven through its doors. I therefore was only careful to direct her principal attention to the more spiritual parts of her own faith, and to dwell on the great themes which all Christian people hold in common.

Many of my persuasion would not have felt free to do this, but my liberty of conscience in this respect was perfect. I have seen that if you break the cup out of which a soul has been used to take the wine of the Gospel, you often spill the very wine itself. And after all, these forms are but shadows, of which the substance is Christ.

I am free to say, therefore, that the thought that your poor mother was devoting herself earnestly to religion, although after the forms of a church with which I differ, was to me a source of great consolation, because I knew that in that way alone could a soul like hers find peace.

I have never rested from my efforts to obtain more information. A short time before the incident which cast you upon our shore, I conversed with a sea-captain who had returned from Cuba. He stated that there had been an attempt at insurrection among the slaves of Don Guzman, in which a large part of the buildings and out-houses of the estate had been consumed by fire.

On subsequent inquiry I learned that Don Guzman had sold his estates and embarked for Boston with his wife and family, and that nothing had subsequently been heard of him.

Thus, my young friend, I have told you all that I know of those singular circumstances which have cast your lot on our shores. I do not expect that at your time of life you will take the same view of this event that I do. You may possibly—very probably will—consider it a loss not to have been brought up as you might have been in the splendid establishment of Don Guzman, and found yourself heir to wealth and pleasure without labor or exertion. Yet I am quite sure in that case that your value as a human being would have been immeasurably less. I think I have seen in you the elements of passions which luxury and idleness and the too early possession of irresponsible power, might have developed with fatal results. You have simply to reflect whether you would rather be an energetic, intelligent, self-controlled man, capable of guiding the affairs of life and of acquiring its prizes,—or to be the reverse of all this, with its prizes bought for you by the wealth of parents.

I hope mature reflection will teach you to regard with gratitude that disposition of the All-Wise which cast your lot as it has been cast.

Let me ask one thing in closing. I have written for you here many things most painful for me to remember, because I wanted you to love and honor the memory of your mother. I wanted that her memory should have something such a charm for you as it has for me. With me, her image has always stood between me and all other women; but I have never even intimated to a living being that such a passage in my history ever occurred—no, not even to my sister, who is nearer to me than any other earthly creature.

In some respects I am a singular person in my habits, and having once written this, you will pardon me if I observe that it will never be agreeable to me to have the subject named between us. Look upon me always as a friend, who would regard nothing as a hardship by which he might serve the son of one so dear.

I have hesitated whether I ought to add one circumstance more. I think I will do so, trusting to your good sense not to give it any undue weight.

I have never ceased making inquiries in Cuba, as I found opportunity, in regard to your father's property, and late investigations have led me to the conclusion that he left a considerable sum of money in the hands of a notary, whose address I have, which, if your identity could be proved, would come in course of law to you. I have written an account of all the circumstances which, in my view, identify you as the son of Don Guzman de Cardona, and had them properly attested in legal form.

This, together with your mother's picture and the bracelet, I recommend you to take on your next voyage, and to see what may result from the attempt. How considerable the sum may be which will result from this, I cannot say, but as Don Guzman's fortune was very large, I am in hopes it may prove something worth attention.

At any time you may wish to call, I will have all these things ready for you.

I am, with warm regard,
Your sincere friend,
THEOPHILUS SEWELL.

When Moses had finished reading this letter, he laid it down on the pebbles beside him, and, leaning back against a rock, looked moodily out to sea. The tide had washed quite up to within a short distance of his feet, completely isolating the little grotto where he sat from all the surrounding scenery, and before him, passing and repassing on the blue bright solitude of the sea, were silent ships, going on their wondrous pathless ways to unknown lands. The letter had stirred all within him that was dreamy and poetic: he felt somehow like a leaf torn from a romance, and blown strangely into the hollow of those rocks. Something too of ambition and pride stirred within him. He had been born an heir of wealth and power, little as they had done for the happiness of his poor mother; and when he thought he might have had these two wild horses who have run away with so many young men, he felt, as young men all do, an impetuous desire for their possession, and he thought as so many do, "Give them to me, and I'll risk my character—I'll risk my happiness."

The letter opened a future before him which was something to speculate upon, even though his reason told him it was uncertain, and he lay there dreamily piling one air-castle on another—unsubstantial as the great islands of white cloud that sailed through the sky and dropped their shadows in the blue sea.

It was late in the afternoon when he bethought him he must return home, and so climbing from rock to rock he swung himself upward on to the island, and sought the brown cottage.

As he passed by the open window he caught a glimpse of Mara sewing. He walked softly up to look in without her seeing him. She was sitting with the various articles of his wardrobe around her, quietly and deftly mending his linen, singing soft snatches of an old psalm tune.

She seemed to have resumed quite naturally that quiet care of him and his which she had in all the earlier years of their life. He noticed again her little hands—they seemed a sort of wonder to him. Why had he never seen, when a boy, how pretty they were? And she had such dainty little ways of taking up and putting down things as she measured and clipped; it seemed so pleasant to have her handling his things; it was as if a good fairy were touching them, whose touch brought back peace. But then, he thought, by-and-by she will do all this for some one else. The thought made him angry. He really felt abused in anticipation. She was doing all this for him just in sisterly kindness, and likely as not thinking of somebody else whom she loved better all the time. It is astonishing how cool and dignified this consideration made our hero as he faced up to the window. He was, after all, in hopes she might blush, and look agitated at seeing him suddenly; but she did not. The foolish boy did not know the quick wits of a girl, and that all the while that he had supposed himself so sly, and been holding his breath to observe, Mara had been perfectly cognizant of his presence, and had been schooling herself to look as unconscious and natural as possible. So she did—only saying,

"Oh, Moses, is that you? Where have you been all day?"

"Oh, I went over to see Parson Sewell, and get my pastoral lecture, you know."

"And did you stay to dinner?"

"No; I came home and went rambling round the rocks, and got into our old cave, and never knew how the time passed."

"Why, then you've had no dinner, poor boy," said Mara, rising suddenly. "Come in quick, you must be fed or you'll get dangerous and eat somebody."

"No, no, don't get anything," said Moses, "it's almost supper time, and I'm not hungry."

And Moses threw himself into a chair, and began abstractedly snipping a piece of tape with Mara's very best scissors.

"If you please, sir, don't demolish that; I was going to stay one of your collars with it," said Mara.

"Oh, hang it, I'm always in mischief among girls' things," said Moses, putting down the scissors and picking up a bit of white wax, which, with equal unconsciousness, he began kneading in his hands, while he was dreaming over the strange contents of the morning's letter.

"I hope Mr. Sewell didn't say anything to make you look so very gloomy," said Mara.

"Mr. Sewell?" said Moses starting; "no, he didn't; in fact, I had a pleasant call there; and there was that confounded old sphinx of a Miss Roxy there. Why don't she die? She must be somewhere near a hundred years old by this time."

"Never thought to ask her why she didn't die," said Mara; "but I presume she has the best of reasons for living."

"Yes, that's so," said Moses; "every old toadstool, and burdock, and mullen lives and thrives and lasts; no danger of *their* dying."

"You seem to be in a charitable frame of mind," said Mara.

"Confound it all! I hate this world. If I could have my own way now—if I could have just what I wanted, and do just as I please exactly, I might make a pretty good thing of it."

"And pray what would you have?" said Mara.

"Well, in the first place, riches."

"In the *first* place?"

"Yes, in the *first* place, I say; for money buys everything else."

"Well, supposing so," said Mara, "for argument's sake, what would you buy with it?"

"Position in society, respect, consideration—and I'd have a splendid place, with everything elegant. I have ideas enough, only give me the means. And then I'd have a wife, of course."

"And how much would you pay for her?" said Mara, looking quite cool.

"I'd buy her with all the rest—a girl that wouldn't look at *me* as I am—would take me for all the rest, you know—that's the way of the world."

"It is, is it?" said Mara. "I don't understand such matters much."

"Yes; it's the way with all you girls," said Moses; "it's the way you'll marry when you do."

"Don't be so fierce about it. I haven't done it yet," said Mara; "but now, really, I must go and set the supper-table when I have put these things away"—and Mara gathered an armful of things together, and tripped singing up stairs, and arranged them in the drawer of Moses's room. "Will his wife like to do all these little things for him as I do?" she thought. "It's natural I should. I grew up with him, and love him, just as if he were my own brother—he is all the brother I ever had. I love him more than anything else in the world, and this wife he talks about could do no more."

"She don't care a pin about me," thought Moses; "it's only a habit she has got, and her strict notions of duty, that's all. She is housewifely in her instincts, and seizes all neglected linen and garments as her lawful prey—she would do it just the same for her grandfather;" and Moses drummed moodily on the window-pane.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DR. BROWNSON has a vigorous article in the January number of his Quarterly, on "The Struggle of the Nation for Life." He says:

"Let no man dare breathe the word 'compromise.' The day for compromise has gone by. The man, be he President, or Secretary, or Senator, or General, who shall propose and effect a compromise, will stand branded in history as an infamous traitor to his country and to humanity.

"We tell the President, and we desire to do so with all possible respect, that even the restoration of the Union on a policy shaped expressly to conciliate 'Ole Kentuck,' or the slaveholding interest of any of the border states, would now, if possible, not be worth effecting. Why was he elected to the Presidency. Why have we of the loyal states placed him in his present elevated position? No man better than himself knows that we voted for him at the risk of civil war and the dissolution of the Union, because we were determined that the slave interest should no longer shape the policy and govern the councils of the nation. It was this determination on the part of the freemen of the East, the North, and the West that took Mr. Lincoln from his law-office and made him President. He was not elected to preserve slavery, nor to abolish slavery; but he was elected to emancipate the Administration and the republic itself from the domination of the slave interest; and we protest, therefore, in the name of those who elected him, against the perpetuation of that domination, even though confined to the slave interest of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri. Slavery may or may not continue to exist, but we insist that the Government shall cease to be administered in its interest or under its dictation.

"We have resolved that our Government shall be emancipated, whatever becomes of slavery and its worshipers. This is what we beg the Administration to bear in mind. We should be glad to believe that the President has not forgotten it, and that he is prepared to assert his own independence of the slave-power, and that of the Government, for we tell him never will there and never can there be a reunion of the separated states under the domination of the slave interest."

WHAT AND FOR WHAT WE ARE TO PAY.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

PRESUMING that Europe will simply let us alone—all we have ever asked of her—all signs indicate an early and complete settlement of our domestic troubles. There will of course be further delays, rebuffs, reverses; but the loyal States are so decidedly, so manifestly stronger than those which have been dragged into the Slaveholders' Rebellion—stronger in men, in arms, in provisions, and in money—that the contest can hardly be protracted beyond the ensuing Spring. It surely is not presumptuous to hope that next July will see the authority of the Union vindicated and acknowledged in every State, and that the next anniversary of our fathers' Declaration of Independence will be celebrated by a once more united and law-abiding people.

But this consummation will have been dearly bought. Thousands will have fallen on the battlefield; tens of thousands will have wasted away in hospitals; bombardment, shells, wreck, and fire will have done their desolating work over half the country. Supposing that next June shall see the war practically ended, the aggregate cost to the Country of the rebellion and its suppression will not have fallen below One Thousand Millions of Dollars, whereof at least one-half will have taken the form of a lasting Public Debt, while the residue will have been borne by corporations and individuals in the shape of burned houses, ships, bridges, fences, devastated railroads, canals, etc., etc., and in the failure of trade and industry. Estimating the property of the country at Ten Thousand Millions of Dollars, a full tithe of it will have disappeared for ever in the crater of this inhuman rebellion. Tens of thousands will have lost their all, many of them being reduced from wealth to bankruptcy; many will have suffered from hunger and cold who had little or no property to lose; thousands will have grown rich by army contracts, jobs, sutlerships, etc., etc.; but the general fact that one-tenth of the aggregate wealth of the Nation will have been destroyed by this rebellion, even should it close on or before the 1st of July next, is clear and appalling.

Supposing the War for the Union entirely successful, what will the country have to show for this lost Billion of Dollars?

Of course, we shall have a large supply of arms, most of them somewhat the worse for wear; many and effective rifled cannon, with tent equipage, army trains, munitions and warlike enginery of all sorts. We shall have made progress as a people in the art of war, and shall be far better prepared to defend ourselves against a foreign foe than we otherwise could have been. We shall have suffered much, lost much, experienced a great deal: is it possible that we shall not have learned at least something?

Probably few yet live who will see the end of our paying the cost of this war. Every coat, every horse-shoe, every cup of tea, must be taxed merely to meet the interest on the debt incurred in upholding the Union; if the principal is to be gradually reduced, they must pay still more. Probably one year's hard, honest work from each man, woman, and child in the Union, will be less than the total cost. The bread of many a poor man's child must go unbuttered because of this war; in not a few instances, the bread itself (alas!) will also be wanting. None is so rich or fortunate, scarcely one so poor and miserable, that he will not be personally a serious loser because of the rebellion. And to what end?

Is it indeed true that our Federal Constitution constrains us to fight and vanquish the rebellion in such manner that its chief incitement, its animating soul, shall receive no harm? Can it be that our fathers have bound us to permit Slavery to plot and strike indefinitely for the overthrow of the Nation, while the Nation shall in no case strike one blow at the life of Slavery?

We who are called Radicals insist that this is not and cannot be the true reading of our Constitutional charter—that all the rights of slaveholders under our Government appertain to a state of loyalty on their part, and are suspended if not annulled by their rebellion. When Col. Mallory of the rebel force beleaguering Fortress Monroe sent to the commander of that fortress early last summer demanding the return of his negro who had fled from his service and taken refuge under the Stars and Stripes, the modest requirement was promptly and bluntly denied, with the hearty approbation of every loyal citizen. It was seen at once that to restore fugitive slaves to rebels who were fighting to divide and destroy the country was to make ourselves the accomplices and partners of their treason; for they might even send negroes into our camps as deserters, and, after they had picked up what information they could, might demand their return as fugitives, thus supplying themselves with weekly reports of the strength and movements of our forces. To state the case as it is and must be is to indicate the inevitable conclusion. In brief, the rebellion was necessarily—so far as the rebel States and districts were concerned—the end of returning fugitive slaves.

But more:

The slaves of the rebels—(and they are nearly all the slaves in every State; for the slaveholders of Maryland and Missouri are, with few exceptions, as demoniac Secessionists as those of South Carolina)—are, with scarcely an exception, loyal to the Union. They fly instinctively for protection from their masters to the ship, the camp, the fort, whence floats the flag of our Nation. They forsake home, family, everything they hold dear but God and liberty, to find refuge under the wing of our eagle. Admit that their loyalty is at once selfish and based on an illusion, does it impose no obligation on us? Suppose the people of South Carolina—that is, the aristocratic minority who have fomented this rebellion—were to be convinced by defeat and disaster that they could not succeed in destroying the Union nor in defying its authority, and were thereupon to say, "We will return to loyalty provided you will restore all our slaves to the masters who ran away from them when you took the forts at the entrance to Port Royal, and who have since been piloting your vessels, unloading your cargoes, and picking cotton for your Government," how many of us are base enough to respond, "We agree to that! Send Hammond and Chesnut back to the Senate, with Keitt, Rhett, Orr, and Boyce to the House, and we will put your negroes back into your service and help you reduce them again to bondage?" Who does not know that Christendom would scorn and loathe us if we were capable of such baseness?

O my empty-headed, hollow-hearted fellow-citizen! your parrot-talk of being "opposed alike to Secession and Abolition" is a very dreary platitude, and bears no relation to any living interest or issue! As well might you say that you are alike opposed to the Inquisition and the Art of Printing—to Witchcraft and the Equator. That you do not wish the triumph of Jeff. Davis nor a general emancipation of slaves, we quite understand; but the case in hand concerns not your wishes but the triumph of Law and Liberty in the crushing out of this rebellion. The real question involves not what you would have but what can be. You dream of forcing the slaveholders to return to the Union—putting them back where they were two years ago. But to do this you must conquer them—and have you ever considered what an anomaly a conquered slaveholder must be? How is he to command the necessary fear and awe on the part of his slaves who have seen him badly whipped and compelled to submit to a rule he detests? Plainly, he is not the man he was; you cannot make him such by any contrivance or coddling. He is your subject—your liberated captive—your pardoned culprit—and cannot really be any man's master until the memory of this humiliation is effaced by some great revenge. Rely on it, he understands his position better than you do, and would sooner free his slaves than hold them as a vanquished, pardoned rebel. "Take any form but that!"

A few months—it may be weeks—must decide for what the People of the United States have been called to meet the fearful trials and sacrifices imposed on them by this rebellion. What it may be, it boots not here to inquire; but this is certain—it cannot be that the burdens laid on our loyal citizens will have been borne wholly in vain.

CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES AND TERRITORIAL REORGANIZATION.

BY RICHARD HILDRETH.

THE rebellion into which the slaveholding states so foolishly and so impiously rushed, is without a parallel in mundane history. It can only be compared to that insurrection which hurled Satan and his angels from their seats in heaven to grovel in disgrace and agony in the realms below. This parallel holds good not merely in the causelessness of the revolt, but in the swift destruction and total rout which already impends close over the heads of the terrified and flying rebels.

The inevitable result, so far as the present struggle is a mere trial of physical strength, being already so apparent, the minds of all thinking persons have naturally been turned to the consideration of what must be the political, social, moral, and economical consequences of this total defeat and prostration of the slave-power.

It has been suggested, but as it appears to us without the slightest basis therefor, that the Federal Constitution is likely in consequence to undergo essential modifications. No doubt it is the concurrent opinion of all wise and good men that slaveholding must be instantly and totally abolished. This long doubtful and even odious doctrine of total and immediate repentance and renunciation and reform of the national sin of slaveholding, is now about to be carried into effect. But this is very far from involving any essential modification of the Federal Constitution. Slaveholding was a hateful disease, horrid in the eyes of the framers of that glorious instrument, the existence of which they could not deny, and to which they were driven by the force of circumstances to concede a great share of political power—but still in their eyes a horrid disease, the existence of which they strove to wink out of sight, looking forward like Moses from the top of Pisgah to the glorious time when we their sons and grandsons should accomplish that of which they, mighty instruments as they had been in the hands of divine Providence, had not been found worthy. Expunge slaveholding from our institutions, and the Federal Constitution not only remains intact, it begins to work henceforward with new force and energy, freed from the friction of slaveholding that had so long impeded and at length almost blocked its machinery. Slaveholding out of the way, the Federal Constitution may begin to realize in its actual working the great idea which its framers had in their mind's eye.

What is needed is, not a reconstruction of the Federal Constitution, but a return to the true interpretation of it as expounded and practiced upon by Washington, John Adams, Hamilton, Jay, Elsworth, Marshall, and Story; and a total renunciation of that anarchical interpretation which Jefferson and his disciples strove to fix upon it, while in opposition, under the plausible pretense of state rights. Though let us add to Jefferson's credit as a man of practical wisdom, that as President, he never attempted for a moment to act upon his own theory, but as in the notable cases of the annexation of Louisiana, the conspiracy of Burr, and the embargo, went without hesitation the full length of the most ultra Federal interpretation, as Jackson did afterwards in the matter of the public deposits.

Nevertheless, it would appear that, in addition to the abolition of slaveholding, certain changes might be advantageously made in the political distribution of the territory of the late slaveholding states; a redistribution of territory operating as a separation of the sheep from the goats, at the same time that it conformed strictly to the social proclivities and economical wants of the inhabitants, and inflicting also a just stigma and punishment upon the parties most guilty in this unnatural rebellion.

The people of Western Virginia have already by their own action commenced the healthy process of separating the sound portion of the Southern body politic from the diseased portion. They are entitled to include in their new organization all the territory west of the Blue Ridge, and also the district east of the Blue Ridge known as the Northern Neck, in which there always have been and still are many true Federalists of the old Washington school—men sincerely attached to the Union. This district has also been the birth-place of many of our greatest men: Washington, whose grave also it contains, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee and his brothers, and other patriots of the Revolution. The new state, which must retain also exclusively the name of Virginia, must retain with it these birth-places and these graves. The western counties of Maryland belong also in sympathies and geographically to this new state. Nay, more, it ought to have all the Northern counties of Maryland, including the city of Baltimore, which is naturally its port, and commercially speaking its metropolis. Baltimore, a free-labor city, has always suffered enormously from the pro-slavery legislation of the state assembly, controlled by the planters, and in which she never had anything like her fair share of representation. Her position in this respect as a port of the new state of Virginia, would be infinitely preferable.

As to the eastern shore of Maryland, that, with the two eastern ultra-Chesapeake counties of Virginia, ought to be annexed to Delaware, whose territories, as they stand now, are too small for a state, and which deserves some reward for her firm adhesion to the Union in spite of the efforts of a reckless band of traitors within her limits to carry her out. It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless the fact, that between the years 1790 and 1800 the proposition was seriously discussed in Delaware to abandon the state organization and to annex her territory to Maryland. The time seems now to have come in which Delaware, instead of being absorbed by Maryland, ought to be enlarged by a part of the Maryland territory. As to the remainder of Maryland, the southern counties, that hotbed of treachery, might be annexed to the remaining portion of old Virginia, as a sort of offset for the transfer of Accomac to Delaware; and as the name of Virginia must be assigned to the new western state, this fag-end of the two states, to prevent the loss of a time-honored name, might be called Maryland, in the hope that in time the inhabitants might, under new auspices and with new surroundings, slavery being abolished and Northern emigrants flowing in, become worthy of the ancient glories of that name. Turning to the southwest, the counties of North Carolina west of the Blue Ridge, Eastern Tennessee, and Northern Georgia and Alabama—a district settled almost exclusively by sturdy farmers and yeomen of the Northern stamp—ought to be erected into a state, and they would make a noble one—to take the name, say, of Alleghany or Appalachia. At the same time, as well to punish Florida for her wicked ingratitude as because she is too barren and worthless to be entitled to be a state, she ought to be reduced back to the territorial condition, being divided into the two territories as formerly of East and West Florida, with perhaps a third added, that of South Florida. To West Florida ought to be reannexed the portions of the old Florida of the Spaniards which were given up to the states of Alabama and Mississippi to give them an access to the sea, but of which they have proved themselves so unworthy.

Texas also ought to be divided into two states, thus delivering the free labor settlers of Western Texas from the savage domination of the eastern settlers, brought up in the ignorance and despotism of slaveholding.

This reorganization, while it gives entire satisfaction to the loyal portion of the states involved in it, would be, as it seems to us, a great improvement in territorial arrangement. Is it not worthy of the attention of Congress and of the states concerned?

Trieste, Dec. 1861.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

DID you ever cross the Catskills by the old-fashioned turnpike on a mail-coach? Did you ever sit out with the driver just as the summit was gained, and the stage began to rattle down the dizzy descent? You laid tight hold, I'll warrant you, of the side strap, and braced both your feet on the foot-board, and, if you were a little inexperienced in mountain travel, you said somewhat nervously, "Now driver, go carefully down here."

The driver smiles, changes his quid coolly to the other side of his cheek, rings a loud crack with his whip, and claps his heel on the *break*, as much as to say "*festina lente*," and away the coach sings down the mountain. Presently the driver, with a slight catch in his breath, says, "I declare if the reins on that off-leader ain't broke!" Sure enough the lines are unloosed from the bit of the gay skittish creature, and he tosses his head with an airy motion, very suggestive of a runaway. Your first impulse is to scream to the inside passengers; your next one is to make a break-neck leap from the box of the coach. "Keep quiet, keep quiet!" says the driver, and then swings his long whip around the legs of the two dancing leaders, as if he too were in a plot to send the coach and its precious cargo to Davy Jones's locker in the shortest possible time. "Driver, what *do* you mean?" "Keep quiet," he says, with another touch of the whip to the leader's white fetlock, "I know what I'm about; those leaders are full of mettle, and I want to make them think that I am *giving* them the loose rein; if they only *knew* they were loose, they would dash us all into kindlin' wood in less than five minutes." We try to believe that Jehu is right, but secretly we give up all for lost. We look down at the narrow thread of the Hudson River winding ten miles beneath us, and then across to the distant Green Mountains of Vermont that gleam in the October sun as the Delectable Mountains gleamed before Bunyan's Pilgrim. It is astonishing how vividly the mind seizes objects when in great danger or when expecting death. A culprit listening to his death-sentence notices every button on each juryman's coat.

With this intense study of the scene before us, and with our hand so numb that we do not *feel* the strap we are grasping, we whirl down a half mile of the declivity. Before us is a slight rise in the road of four or five feet. Just as the leaders gallop up it, the driver jumps with his whole weight on the break—gives a tremendous pull on the reins of the wheel horses—shouts "*Whoo*" with a startling explosion—and in the instant that the coach halts, he leaps from the box, and is at the leaders' heads! It is all done in a twinkling. And before the frightened inside passengers have had time to shout, "What is the matter?" the quick-witted driver is fastening the rein-buckle again into the bit.

Now there was *presence of mind*. Had that driver been "out of his wits" he would probably have dashed himself off of his coach, to be followed by the coach dashing itself over the mountain-side. But he had his wits within reach—or what the old Greeks called nearness of mind. As the shrewd Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh says in one of his essays, "It is a curious condition of mind that this requires. It is like sleeping with your pistol under your pillow, and the pistol on full cock; a moment lost, and all may be lost. There is the very nick of time. Men, when they have done some signal feat of presence of mind, if asked how they did it, do not very well know—they just *did it*. It was in fact done, and then thought of; not thought of and then done, in which case it would likely never have been done at all. It is one of the highest powers of mind thus to act; it is done by an acquired instinct."

This presence of mind is invaluable in a military commander. Nearly every battle turns on one or two rapid movements, executed amid whirl of smoke and thunder of guns that jars the solid globe. Napoleon possessed this quality beyond any general of modern times. His mind acted like the lightning; and never with such prompt precision as in the moments of greatest confusion and danger. What confused others clarified him. At Arcola he saw that the tide was turning against him; he called up twenty-five horsemen, gave them each a trumpet, and made a dashing charge that gave him the victory. At Montebello he computed with his eye the distance of the Austrian cavalry, saw that it would require a quarter of an hour for them to come up, and in those fifteen minutes executed a maneuver that saved the day. "These quarters of an hour," he used to say, "generally decide the fate of a battle. The Austrians never know the value of time." A little of this Napoleonic presence of mind might have saved for us the battle of Bull Run. But officers and soldiers lost both; and one-half of that whole army set off on a wild, topsy-turvy chase after their *wits!*

A good physician needs to have his mind at his finger-ends. There is a sudden turn in the disease; or there must be a rapid surgical movement. His books are useless unless his books are in his head. He must grow cooler as his patient or the bystanders grow more frightened. Napoleon feared that the physician who was attending upon the Empress at the birth of the King of Rome would lose his self-possession. "Compose yourself," said the Emperor, "and imagine that you are attending only a poor girl in the Faubourg St. Antoine."

The pulpit débutant who sees his manuscripts swimming about on the walls of the church that is swimming too—the panic-struck housewife who throws her mirrors out of the third-story window at the alarm of fire—the pilot who gives the wrong pull to the wheel when a vessel comes suddenly out of a fog upon his bow—are all familiar illustrations of one's wits "stepped out" just at the moment that they were wanted. Dr. Brown in his essay gives a couple of instances of the opposite.

A lady was in front of her lawn with her children, when a mad dog made his appearance, pursued by the neighbors. What did she do? Better than you or I would have done. She ran straight toward the dog, received its head in her thick stuff gown between her knees, and muffling it up, held it with all her might until the men arrived. No one was hurt. Of course, she fainted after it was all over. Both her acts were womanlike.

The other case Dr. B. gives is of a Mrs. Major Robertson, a slight and beautiful woman, who, on going alone to her room, sees the foot of a man projecting from under her bed! Only a servant is in the house. She goes carelessly about the room until suddenly exclaiming aloud, "I declare; I've forgotten that key again," she leaves the light, and coolly goes down stairs. When she comes up again it is with a policeman, and the *foot* is soon on its way to the watch-house.

Presence of mind is partly a natural gift, and partly an acquisition. It is hard to teach it to a fool, but many a wise man has played the fool for want of it.

Sermon

BY

Henry Ward Beecher.*

"But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."—MATT. xx. 25-28.

When Paul was sent by James, Peter, and John to the Gentiles, their only charge to him was that he should "remember the poor;" and his only remark upon the charge was, that it was the very thing that he was always anxious to do.

I have already spoken to you from this fact, basing upon it two statements: that the state of mind which is the most completely filled with a disposition to take care of the weak and the poor, and to employ one's gifts and strength in serving them, is the one best fitted to make known the real truth of the power of Christ and of the Gospel; and that any system of polity which shall contain a sufficient provision for the weak and poor, will contain the very best provision, also, for the wise and the strong. We come, from a different side, and with different language, which I have to-night read in your hearing, to precisely the same practical results.

This statement does not mean that society should be divided, and that there should be two classes: the educated, the intelligent, and the virtuous, on the one side, and the ignorant, the vicious, and the rude, on the other; and that a preference should be given to the bottom over the top. It does not mean that being prosperous and wise and good is a fault, or that being poor and ignorant is a virtue. It does not mean that we should neglect men who are wise and strong, or that we should not be in sympathy with them. It does not mean that we should not do what we can to help them. It does not mean that we should not preach to them, and minister to them all elements of civil culture. It does not, on the other hand, mean that we are to have a moral preference for men simply because they are poor, as if that gave them special rights. In other words, we are not to reverse the old state of things, and crown the bottom at the expense of the top, just as all through the world, from the beginning to this time, the top has been crowned at the expense of the bottom. That would only be turning the old mistake bottom-side up. It is bad enough either way.

It means only that as the spirit of Christianity is essentially the spirit of equitable love, and as it is not the love of attractiveness but of benevolence, and therefore augments and abounds in the ratio of the necessity of the object of it, rather than of his loveableness, so it should be strongest toward the neediest. We are always more tender of the sick than of the well: not because we hate the well, or are indifferent to them; but simply because they need most. And where benevolence is so developed as fully to be in sympathy with the lowest men, it is by that very fact so ample as to include all others. The best way to take care of the higher, is to take care of the lower. If you put yourself into such a Christian frame that you know how to carry the unlovely, how much more will you be in a condition to carry the lovely! If you receive the grace of Christ into the soul with a potency that is adequate to the wants of the most undeserving, how much more will it be adequate to the wants of the deserving!

And, in like manner, in respect to all institutions, and all means of propagating Christian influences, we do not mean to teach that they are to be constructed exclusively for the poor; or that all churches, or religious societies, should specially or exclusively address themselves to the poor as a class; but that all Christian institutions should, in their nature and tendency, conduce to the benefit of the lowest as well as the highest. They should not be established for the benefit of any class, top or bottom. They should be as universal as the spirit whose name they take; and therefore they should have a clear influence for the lowest and the highest; and, in doing that, of course they will have one for all the rest.

And especially, in gauging their use of means, all Christian institutions should, in spirit and in power, be competent to the wants of the lowest and of the neediest in society.

Christians are called to love and to serve all men. Christian churches are not to pick the few and the fair, and serve them; but every Christian church is to be in spirit competent to the wants of the highest and of the lowest alike. No Christian church is wisely and well constituted that has not provision for every condition of men, from the top of society to the bottom. The Christian church is to be universal: not by geographical extent, but by moral adaptation to the wants of universal human nature. It is, then, to make distinctions in favor of no class. It is simply to have an average and universal moral power, that, being sufficient for the lowest, is, of necessity, sufficient for the highest.

But, if these institutions are gauged to be sufficient for the wants of the higher natures, they may be insufficient to reach down to the lowest; while if an institution has a Christianity gauge to the necessity of the least developed and the most necessitous, it will, in the nature of things, have all the more power upon the higher. Summer must have heat for the things that are most torpid. Of course, then, the easily exciteable things will grow. The chickweed will sprout and grow with the thermometer at 45°. The cypress-vine and the tuberose require it to be at 70° or 80°. Now, a summer fitted for the early plants, would leave the year half unblossomed; but a summer that carries in its heart a warmth strong enough to call up the reluctant plants, will on its way to them of course wake up also the plants that begin to dream of waking even while the snow is on their eyelids. And so it must be with the heat of the church.

So much for the general statement. Let us make it more apparent by special applications.

I. Churches that rule their pulpits to a preaching exclusively for the cultivated and refined, are out of harmony with the New Testament, and out of the legitimate sphere of Christianity. A church is not necessarily a Christian church because it preaches Christianity; for it is not the dogma or the doctrine that you preach, but the spirit in which you preach it, that constitutes Christianity in a church. A church that preaches sound doctrine all through, but that preaches it so that it is meat only for the few, and is not universal food, has gone aside from the Master. Preaching may be universal and yet refined. There is no necessary connection between rudeness and the wants of rude people. The heart is the universal medium. A man that is to the last degree cultured in thought and in language, a man that is polished to the last degree in manly excellence, may be acceptable to all men, so that he presents the universal letter of introduction—the feeling that brings heart to heart, high and low; for it is that that makes all men kindred. But, often, pulpits are made partial by a way of treating subjects that is partial and excluding. Ministers are wrongly taught: not on purpose, not willingly; but from a wrong conception. The young preacher has inculcated upon him by those from whom he receives his instruction, a range of topics interesting to higher natures, but to no others. It is easy to select out of the Word of God themes which may be discussed with great profit to men who are accustomed to think, and to dwell much on such themes, but the discussion of which is almost profitless to others. A historic, a philosophic, a scholastic conception, even of a common theme, may put it out of the reach of the lower and uninstructed classes. Let a man discuss the love of Christ, not as a living, flaming fact, so as to bring it to the comprehension of every single child, but as an abstract thing; let him consider the mode of loving, the potency of divine affections, and the relations of the emotions of love in man to the divine feeling and the divine government; let him lift the subject up above the heart into the mind, and he will remove it beyond the range in which the common mind walks. As far as the benefit of the average classes of society is concerned, you might just as well preach in Greek as in abstract language. One is just as foreign to men's ordinary comprehension as the other.

Language, too, may be employed for the sake of scholastic and literary finish, so as almost, if not quite, to deaden the effect of what a man preaches. The use of Latinized words and periphrases in what is called elegant speaking and fine writing, is a common vice. There is a great tendency on the part of writers and speakers to avoid domestic words and colloquialisms, as they are called.

Now, all words are pegs to hang ideas on; and as a wooden peg in the hall, on which the father and the grandfather were accustomed to hang the coat and hat, is, to the child's eye, more beautiful than the most exquisite picture that could be hung on the wall, so the most common and familiar words are more powerful than any abstract and arbitrary ones.

What does *home* mean? When you speak that word it is as if you struck a bee-hive, and a thousand bees began to buzz and hum music in your mind. *Father* and *mother* are words that children learn on the hearth and in the nursery. They are nursery and childhood companions; and they do not cease to be companions in after life. They are always linked with our early associations. And when you attempt to express the thought which belongs to *father* or *mother*, by saying "parent," you kill it. When you say "woman" you mean what the world has taught of woman; but when you say "female," you mean what a fool would mean that did not know how to use language. On the front of Cooper's Reading-Room (a noble charity sadly marred) you will find, in golden letters, (it ought to have been in letters of brass or lead,) "Male and Female Reading-Rooms." Male sheep? or oxen? Male what? *Male* is an adjective; and so is *female*. And what tempted anybody that felt the force of words, unless it was the devil, to take away from our mother tongue those noble words—*men* and *women*—and put in that place "Male and Female Reading-Rooms," I cannot imagine. And so there are thousands of men that abandon the great vantage-ground of common language.

The difference between one man and another in the use of words is, that one uses familiar words, and uses them in their ordinary sense, and the other uses words that are not familiar, and uses them in a sense that is unusual. Some ministers use words in such a way that they flash, as it were, and wake men up, and give them feelings which they cannot account for. They pick out words that are adapted to the comprehension of their people, and employ them so that they shall have a meaning over and above the philosophical meaning. But there are thousands of ministers that charm men when they talk in private conversation, because they are sensible then, who are fools when they come to preach—and not according to the apostle's idea of the "foolishness of preaching," either. They say, "We are bound to bring our people up to us, and not to go down to them." I beg your pardon, you will honor yourselves by going down to them. No man need be ashamed to use the language of common life, for that is the language of power and eloquence. The man that knows how, like old Bunyan, like Baxter, and like South, (scholarly as he was,) to take the Saxon colloquial terms of the household, of the kitchen, of the parlor, of the nursery, of the field, where men live, and employ them in his preaching, is a powerful and eloquent preacher. These old, brawny, large-meaning words, heavily laden with precious associations, are words of might. But how many of our preachers, for the sake of being literary, for the sake of being polished, step aside from the great highway of power in language, into the little lanes of exclusiveness, where there is no power!

And so of discussing questions foreign to men's lives and interests; or, of discussing those that belong to their interests in a philosophical vein, in order to lift them up to the plane of the highest natures, thus lifting them up so high that the greatest number cannot see them, and that they do not rain down on them. When men discuss questions foreign to the wants of the community, or discuss questions in such a way as to make them foreign to the wants of the community, the few, the very few, can go with them, but all the rest are unfed. How many congregations say, "Our minister is a dear man; we love to have him come and see us; his conversation in the family seems profitable; the children all like him; but somehow (and I suppose it is my fault) I cannot keep awake when he preaches." It is not your fault. And I do not make myself an exception. If you come here and go to sleep under my preaching when the air is good, it is my fault, and not yours, that you do not keep awake. If, after people have listened to a minister, they say, "His preaching does not do me any good," do not let him excuse himself by saying that they are inattentive. I hold that the Gospel abounds in elements the most universally interesting of any that can be conceived of; and if a man stands in the sacred desk with all the resources of the Gospel, and speaks without interesting his hearers, it is because he does not know how to handle his tools.

And all this exclusiveness that I have pointed out is the fault of the modern pulpit, and is especially the fault of the city pulpit. It is a world too genteel; it is a world too refined; it is a world too learned; it has got up on stilts; it thinks and talks in such philosophical and scholarly language that the masses of the common people do not get anything from it. It does not come to the poor. The Gospel that it dispenses is a Gospel kept for the dainty, for connoisseurs in Gospel matters. The modern pulpit is strong in learning, and in a noble devotion to higher natures; but it is weak in that it clothes itself in such forms as to make it, by elective affinity, the organ of only the higher natures. The apostles were selected just because they could not do that. One is surprised when he examines the materials out of which the apostles were made. I have wondered that the stuff for the apostles was not imported from Athens. There were better men there. Those that were chosen were the poorest materials that were ever hewn out into apostleship, or anything else official. If you take James, John, and Peter out of the apostles, you have taken out all that left any record. Paul was added; he was an educated man, and he did more than all the others put together; but of the original apostles, with the exception of those three, it seems to me that the eight others (Judas being left uncounted) were material than which you can scarcely imagine any with less natural fitness and adaptation. Why did Christ select these men? For the very reason that from their calling and position they did not know anything else, and could not learn anything else in their lifetime, than the simple things taught them in the simplest language; and that, therefore, when they should speak, their words would go right home to their fellows, the poor and common people. Christ came to preach the Gospel to the mass of humanity, and they were poor. Christ came to lift up the world; and it had all sunk down to the bottom of society. There were ten million men below the medium line where there was one above it. And to preach the Gospel it was necessary to have men that were free from any temptation, in their teaching, to rise above the comprehension of the lower classes; and the apostles were selected accordingly; and it was wise. And in later periods, those ministries that have been the most like them in their method of working, whether from necessity or choice, have been the most successful. There is no ministry that have been more successful, or that have raised up a better monument as the result of their labors, than the Methodist clergy. Why? Not alone because they have had a consummate system of organization, though that has helped a great deal; not because they have had a certain lithe, elastic method of procedure, not being limited and fixed, but kept roving from one place to another, which had some advantages to the early settlements, but disadvantages to the permanent churches, and injuries to those in charge of such churches and settlements which counterbalanced the advantages: but because men of all pursuits and callings were appointed to preach. And as long as the Methodist Church felt willing to preach among the poor and common people, so long they triumphed, gloriously; but in proportion as they get the spirit of preaching to the upper classes, and of building churches for them, their success diminishes. I think the most splendid churches are getting to be Methodist churches. We have got to take their places, and go down and take care of the poor. Somebody must do it. And I give warning to our Methodist brethren that if they are going to abandon that field there are enough to occupy it; but that if they want to keep their glory, and transmit it to other generations, they must remember the poor. Be proud of that field. Take care of those that nobody else takes care of. Take heed to the bottom, and God will see that your love and fidelity shall work all the way up to the top. I do not object to the Methodists preaching to the most cultivated audiences: all I object to is, that they should lose a conception of the sacredness of human nature clear down to the bottom.

I remember the first awakening under my preaching which took place in my church at Indianapolis, soon after I was called to preach. I had been laboring at Terre Haute, in a revival, and as I rode home I said, "Lord, kill me if you do not give me a revival." On the next Sunday my sermons were full of fire; and I preached Monday night, Tuesday night, and every night in the week. Monday night I called for inquirers, and nobody staid. Tuesday night I called for inquirers and nobody staid. Wednesday night I called for inquirers, and one poor ignorant servant girl staid. When all the others had gone, with the exception, I believe, of one of the elders that stopped, and I saw this ill-clad servant, old nature in me said, "Umph! there is your sickle full!" The first feeling was natural. The second was of God; and it came over me like the returning of the Red Sea when it swallowed wicked Pharaoh, as that did my wicked pride. And I said, "I would work a thousand years to be permitted to give one such soul to Christ Jesus." And that is the spirit that not only gave me success, but that will give any church success to the end of the world—such a sense of the importance of the salvation of the poorest and most neglected wretch in the world as to feel that it is worth your life's work.

The fault of churches, then, is not that they provide for the wants of the higher, but that they do not provide in such a way as shall also meet the necessities of the lower. We are providing for special class-wants, and leaving out the lower classes. A bucket whose bottom has dropped out will not hold water; and a church whose poor have dropped out will not hold grace.

II. Christian institutions must be gauged to the same dominant spirit. All Christian societies for spreading knowledge, all Christian societies for sustaining ministers and missionaries, all Christian institutions which are in the nature of propagating institutions, if they are in accordance with their Master, must go to the bottom, and, taking sides with the lowest, make everything consistent with that initial clement. And if there is anything to be sacrificed anywhere, it must be among the strong and the high, and never among the low and the weak.

And this has been the battle of the day in which we live. In general assemblies, synods, and presbyteries; in associations and local churches; in tract societies and missionary societies—in them all men have refused, for a quarter of a century, to go down to the low, to stand by them, and to declare a Gospel that was in sympathy with them, and would protect them, whatever came to anybody else. They have refused to bring the whole divine power of the Gospel to the rescue of the poorest and the lowest.

The slave, in our time, has been God's touchstone of the nation, of its religion, and of its religious institutions; and they have been found grievously wanting. They are coming right now, and coming right fast, but for the last twenty-five years they have been grievously wrong. The question has been of the confidence of "great and good men in the church, in the society, in the institution;" of the opinions of "the most influential men." Prudential questions have been put before moral ones. Questions of the necessity of holding things together, of receipts and means, at the pinch, have ruled moral questions out.

Ever since about the time when I entered public life, the question of religion for the African slave in our nation has been agitated. The substantial conflict of the times has been whether there was in the church and Christian institutions (we knew there was in the Bible) a Christianity that dared to stand by the side of the slave, and say, "In the name of Jesus, that made us all of one blood, we demand justice, and education, and humanity, for the low, and for the lowest." And the churches have refused to demand it. The assemblies, and synods, and presbyteries, and associations, and tract societies, and missionary societies, have refused to do it. The Christianity of the age, for twenty-five years, has not had the strength to do it. These institutions were in connection with the educated, with the judicious, with the prudent, with the wealthy; they belonged to the higher classes, and represented the average conscience and the average feeling of the higher classes; and they were not willing to humble themselves, and go down to the bottom, and say, "God sent us first to the poor, and we must take care of them, whatever becomes of the others." If there had been a spirit large enough to take in the poor, there would have been a spirit large enough to evangelize this nation years and years ago. And war; the rebellion which is the cause of the war; the ruthless destruction which it occasions; the terrible garment of blood that is to be wrapped round and round the corse of this nation—these things have come upon us because there was not salt enough to save us in the embodied religious institutions of our time. Now, shall we take no heed? Shall these facts stare us in the face, and no man note for the future?

III. That which is true of churches, and of Christian institutions, is in like manner true of Christian public sentiment in this nation, in relation to the questions of our times.

The American mind has hitherto sustained the relation of the most absolute selfishness in respect to the African, practically. We had a general sympathy for the poor and the oppressed up to about fifteen years ago; and we talked of them on the Fourth of July, and prayed for them a good deal, up to about ten years ago. About ten years ago it came to be a little critical to pray that way. Men feared that it might be supposed that they meant to pray for the overturning of oppression on the plantation, when they meant to pray for its overturning two or three thousand miles off. Men, when they talked of opening the prison doors, meant the prison doors in Hindostan, in Japan, in Madagascar, in New Holland, in South America, perhaps in Central America, but not on the North American continent. Ministers did not wish it to be understood at all that they meant to pray for the downtrodden in this land. They prayed for the poor everywhere but at home. They prayed for the oppressed everywhere but in America. They prayed for the righting of the wronged and the punishment of the wronger all the world over except in certain latitudes and longitudes on this Western shore. Men were faithful in the denunciation of all sins except those that lay near their ship, their store, and their pocket.

But although there has been this selfishness of the American mind, yet as the tide coming steadily from the ocean, works in, and encroaches, and rises, and deepens the shallow places, and covers sticks and stones, and all the landmarks, till the whole bay is full, and the very heart of the ocean pulsates against the shore, and the indentations of it; so God has been filling steadily the mind of this great nation by the tide setting from the eternal fullness of his own heart; and the day of this delinquency has passed away, and we are going to see better times.

Hitherto the history of this nation has been one of selfishness, in enslaving the African at the South; in indifference, substantially, to his enslavement at the North; and in the avoidance of the vexed question of slavery by the church. Do you not know that this has been the stone of stumbling and rock of offense everywhere? It is so now in many places. It is so in this city to a great extent. I suspect that the pastors of half the churches in this city, if you should go to them and urge them to preach right out the duty of the church in this matter, would tell you that they were in full sympathy with the cause of justice and liberty as applied to the slave, and would say, "My heart is willing, but I am so situated that I cannot. The most influential men in my church would not tolerate it; and I do not think I am bound to do it." I do not believe that half the churches of Brooklyn are in such a state that their ministers would dare to preach the full Gospel on the subject of the slave. And yet I take it that Brooklyn is far in advance of many other places in this respect.

But everywhere this has been the vexed question, to be avoided in prayer-meetings, in conference-meetings, in monthly concerts, in religious assemblies of every description. And now, many ministers, if they were to offer up a petition for the slave by name, would have a visit from a committee the next day, with good advice. And the American church, taken comprehensively, for a long period of years, has avoided this question. You must, however, exempt the churches in many parts of our country for the last ten or fifteen years. I think that the churches in New England, for the last fifteen years, have done much to redeem themselves from this delinquency, as have also the Western and the Northwestern churches. But the Southern church is an apostate church. There is no church in the South. That which is called the church there is the devil's den, and not Christ's home nor house. But in the Middle states, and in our great commercial cities, the churches have been, and are now, with reference to slavery, much like a doctor in a plague, who should think that his first duty was to see that he did not get infected himself, and that he did not waste his medicines. What would you think of a doctor whose idea of practice was that he should take care not to get sick? He was made a doctor to cure the sick, to go where they are, to think of them, and not to think about himself. And what is medicine for, but to give to sick men? And yet our dainty doctors in the church take out their white powders of truth, and when a poor diseased man comes to be cured, they say, "Why, that man's mouth is impure, and for him to take these beautiful powders would be to waste them!" Their Gospel is so respectable, their Christian institutions are so nice, there are such good and influential men in them, their doctrines are so fine, and their Christianity is so clothed in white raiment, that they do not want to soil them by going into this vulgar question of slavery, *slavery*, SLAVERY, nothing but slavery—this everlasting ism, negrophilism. *Negrophilism!* I thank you for that word. It takes me back to the days when the Jews reproached Christ because he would go with sinners, and eat with them, and preach to them. Christ was charged with being a vulgar fellow because he would go with bad men, when he made this reply: "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." But our American church has refused to follow the example of Christ, to go down to the poor and needy, and to hold and preach a Gospel that was for the poorest and the neediest. And God has seen, and history will record, that in the critical years of the American nation, the American church has been faithless to the poor. God has begun to call her back. With stripes and chastisements is she coming back; and it is high time.

In all attempts to settle anything, thus far, the assumed basis is, and has been, that the peace and prosperity of this great white nation must be the gauge and rule. That this should be the blasphemous utterance of a press that only boasts of being the organ of infernal sentiments, does not surprise any one; but that it should be the deliberate statement of so-called Christian men must surprise every one. And yet, in and out of Congress, in the most respectable quarters, as the world goes, it is said, "We must not destroy this fair white nation for the sake of taking care of a few negroes." A white nation that is saved by the sacrifice of a few negroes, or a million negroes, is not worth saving. The essential moral qualities in a nation are all that make it worth saving; and if this nation turns aside from its manifest duty, and agrees merely to save itself, it is not worth saving. But I say that its salvation is through the dark gate. If we would save ourselves, we must be willing to imitate our Master, who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister;" that is, not to be served, but to serve. He came not to be the chief, but to be the slave of universal human want. This willingness to serve is the legacy which he has left to the church; and I tell you that a Christian nation, if it would endure, must have the attitude and spirit of the Master. If it wants to save the top, it must save the bottom. Our wisdom is like that of a man who, knowing that the sills of his dwelling are rotting out, goes and puts new shingles on the roof, and gilds the tip of the lightning-rod. The rotting continues, and this corner sags, and the rooms get out of shape, and the doors refuse to be shut, and the windows will not budge, and he keeps on rigging and tinkering at the top. Now the way to save the top is to save the bottom, and that is the only way. And there are four million foundation men in this nation. You cannot get them out from under you. They are more vital than you are. They are like purslain; the more you cut it up, you know, the more it spreads. They are like thistles. Every lick you give them, you sow seeds from which new ones spring up. It is the Children-of-Israel business over again, in the land of Egypt. They tried all sorts of ways to get rid of them; but they increased upon them, and destroyed them, finally. And yet the old Egyptians, with Pharaoh at their head, did not feel a whit more secure than we, nor a whit more vain of their superiority over the detested Hebrew Israelite, than we are of our superiority over the negro. He was a villainous thing; and slavery makes everybody villainous. And yet, the empire was overthrown because they would not let the people go.

Our danger lies in moral delinquency. We are liable to have the foundations of our nation rot out from under us, because we will not, in the spirit of Christ, preach the Gospel, with all its justice and humanity, in behalf of the poor and the oppressed. If we had the courage to do that, we should be in no danger at all. Our danger will be gone the moment we are converted to Christianity in that simple thing.

It has been taken for granted, and it is sometimes said, that what is best for us is best for the slaves. That would be true, if we chose what is really and morally best for us; but that which we *think* is best for us, is far from being best for them. But suppose we state the proposition conversely, and say that what is best for the slaves is best for us. It will hold good one way as well as the other.

In all attempts now making, as far as I can see, by this Government, and the Christian public sentiment of this nation, to meet the case, the implied and assumed basis is not *what is right and just to the slave*, but *what will be best for the whites*. The vice of our times is unconscious selfishness.

I do not speak this to denounce or deride the Administration. You are well aware of the esteem in which I hold them, and how grateful I am that God has been pleased to give us such a Chief-Magistrate as President Lincoln. It is a comfort and a consolation to have an unrotten man in that chair at Washington; and not a day goes over my head that I do not feel, unconsciously and unthoughtedly, an emotion of gratitude to God that there is a man there who, whatever may be his mistakes, wants to do right, and means to do right. It is a great thing to have a President that the nation can trust; for trust has been a commodity the rarest and most exquisitely precious in Washington for the last fifty years. And yet, while I have this high regard for, and this great trust in, the Administration at Washington, it seems to me that the basis of their action is no better than that which is implied or assumed by the churches or the Christian public sentiment of this nation. We are all together webbed in a common selfishness, and our common thought is, "How shall we white folks get rid of this intolerable vexation? how shall we set ourselves free from these embarrassments?" It is self, *self*, SELF, all the way through. Nor do I anywhere hear men saying, "It is the voice of Christ, by the providence of God, calling us to labor for the poor. I am an ordained man, sent to preach the Gospel to the poor, as well as to the rich. My Gospel must be so full of justice and humanity that it shall take care of the bottom, at all events, since that which takes care of the bottom will of necessity take care of the top." But I declare that an administrative measure which will meet the requisitions of the lowest and the poorest, will more abundantly provide for the wants and exigencies of the country.

The only Christian beginning, then, in this matter, is to ask simply this: "What is best for both black and white?" A justice and benevolence that goes down (as Christ did to the publican and the sinner) to the slave, and contemplates no measure less than such as shall meet the exigency of his case, is the only one adequate to our emergency. And this should be said more emphatically because there is in the American mind a tendency to settle moral questions as they build houses in new settlements, where they throw the hammer at the nail, and call that nailing; where they think nothing of commencing a house at sunrise and completing it at sunset; where they put up the plainest and most tumble-down structures, and call them substantial dwellings. The disposition to drive ahead, and throw everything out of the way that hinders our progress, has led to a mode of patching and making use of expedients. We are like the doctor who, instead of making thorough work with his patient, gives him a little physic and puts him on his feet again as speedily as possible; or like the doctor who dries up the sores of his patient, instead of curing them. Quick! *quick!* QUICK! is our idea! Thorough! *thorough!* THOROUGH! is God's idea. And the peculiar temptation of our times will be the feeling, "Let us get this war off our hands; let us be done with it; let us tie up these things; let us heal over this rupture; because we want to build more ships; because we want to start more factories; because we want to hear the forge again; because we want to see everything buzzing and spinning once more." We shall be anxious to go back to materiality. We are materialists. We live by the senses, and for the senses. We live for business and for the world. We do not live for God, for spiritual things, nor for eternity. And this feeling pervades and vitiates our public policy. Somewhere there must a stand be made. There must be a point around about which health can be organized. Is it not time that somebody should speak on this subject?

And now, with respect to the theories that are being advocated in reference to the disposition to be made of the Africans. President Lincoln advocates colonization. I see that a bill has been introduced providing for the purchase of territory for their occupation. It is asserted by published letters on this subject that President Lincoln is opposed to any settlement that does not carry with it the enforced colonization of the freedmen of this nation. Now if the Africans want to go to a tropical land; if they think it will be for their interest to try their hand in Central America, or in some part of Mexico, let them have the liberty of doing it; but, in the name of God and eternal justice, I protest against the spectacle, shameful to Christianity and to us, of this great and powerful nation taking the poor, wronged, stripped African, and carrying him an exile from the land which is his native land, and therefore the land of his preference. Compulsory colonization is a wanton violation of the spirit and letter of Christianity. The true and right spirit is, as fast as God in his providence proclaims liberty to the captive, to give him succor in every possible way. Wherever the American banner floats again, wherever its stars shine out again, wherever its stripes wave again, there every man should be a free man; and the duty of the Government to every slave that is liberated is to give him books, to give him education, to give him wages, to give him land, and to give him a chance for Christian manhood.

What does the negro that stands knocking at our door demand? Does he demand equality? No. We do not give that to our own white citizens. An ignorant man is not equal to an educated one. A man of slender endowments is not equal to a man of brilliant genius. Equality, in the sense of social equality, is not known to nature, nor to grace, even. And we do not demand for the African equality. When Vice-President Stephens argues against the equality of the blacks and the whites, I think he sets up a man of straw that he may knock it down again. Does the African demand intermarriage or interfiliation? No such thing. He has more sense, and we have more sense than to do that. What does he demand? He stands up and says, "God made me, and gave me reason, and moral sense, and affections: I only claim the air, and the earth, and a place to use these things, and make as much of them as I can, unhindered. Take off from me the law that will not let me be my own, and that will not let me own my wife and children. Take off from me the law that makes it a crime for me or mine to have a book. Take off from me the law that will not let me swell, and develop all that God put in me when he created me." Was there ever a petition more reasonable and right? And what shall the judgment-day do to you and me, if, being factors of the public sentiment of this nation, we fail to impress upon it that Christian equity and Christian humanity which give a chance to the African to be what he can be? That is all he asks. It seems to me there never was a day when it was so incumbent upon us to go into the control of public affairs in the spirit of the text of the morning, and of the passage of to-night, and carry the Gospel to the poor, as now. Whatever comes of anything else, see to it that your Gospel is of a temper of justice and of humanity, such that it will, like Christ, go down to the wants of the lowest and the least; and God will see to it, then, that there shall flame forth a divine influence that shall illumine and take care of all the rest in human society.

It will not be long before you and I will lay off this habiliment. Our days and our hours are numbered, and we are quick passengers to that bar of impartial justice where God shall sit without prejudice to judge our prejudiced lives. Young man, dainty maiden, brother of middle life, venerable sir, when you are dying, and going up to that judgment, it will give you more joy to think that you have befriended a poor African slave, than to have taken the hand of Napoleon, or worn a crown of empire. In that day the things that you have done for those that were sick and imprisoned, the things that you have done for Christ in the form of his poor despised ones, will be like balm and frankincense to your spirit as it is going up before the Father of all. Remember that every living creature is God's child. If you had abused my child in the street, how would you dare meet me? and if you abuse one of God's children, how will you dare meet him? In respect to four million men, Christ stands in our midst to-day, saying, "Inasmuch as you do it unto the least of these, you do it unto me." If you buffet and spit upon them, Christ is buffetted and spit upon; but if you clothe them and feed them and lift them up, Christ is clothed and fed and lifted up.

* Preached at Plymouth church, Brooklyn, Sunday evening, Jan. 12, 1862. Reported for *The Independent* by T. J. ELLINWOOD.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. H. Richards, in the Clerk's Office of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

THE MORAL STRUGGLE IN ENGLAND.

ENGLAND, Dec. 28, 1861.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

The mirth of Christmas has been stilled, and good wishes for the New Year have been given falteringly. The old year, (how soon new years become old!)—the old year dies in gloom, and the death-shadows are projected from it into the new. Our royal dead is buried, with as little of regal and heraldic pomp as might be, and that in conformity with the express wish of the departed. But it was a very impressive time at Windsor Castle, and in that gorgeous chapel of St. George, with its glories changed. The Queen's health has been sustained, and she has enjoyed "the blessed sleep from heaven," which enters the soul of the twice wearied.

We are waiting, in a kind of awful pause, the reply from America. Most strange *here* is the apparent unconsciousness, in New York, of the gathering war cloud, and the total absence of any reference to the British difficulty, as say in the last *Tribune* received.

The best news, and we would devoutly thank God to be able to report it, is, that the British press and the British people are rebuking "the British press" and those, accursed, who delight in war. On every side eloquent protests against the sanguinary and untruthful spirit of *The Times* are having utterance, and that wicked and incendiary journal stands rebuked. *The Examiner*, that old and time-honored Liberal paper, writes with great point and force. *The Spectator* discusses the question calmly, and puts a finger on the plague-spot in *The Times*, showing that *it becomes more virulent as the American Government becomes more anti-slavery*. Let that significant fact be noted. *The Guardian*, "Church" and Conservative as it is, with a large circulation among the clergy and the literati, discusses the President's Message with candor; declares that every Englishman must sympathize with honest efforts to abate slavery, and would lament an unhappy dispute with this country, as diverting Americans from their great work. Many of the country papers, some in Scotland and in Wales, are more emphatic even than the London press in their denunciation of *The Times*, and of the sanguinary spirit which it manifests and would evoke. *The Daily News* keeps steady to its task. *The Star*, with good reason, has grown vehement, while pointing out the meanness and falsehood, as well as satanic viocence, of the leading journal. Good Lord Ebury, (better known as Lord Robert Grosvenor,) enlightened, devout, benevolent, may be named first among the army which has sprung up to rebuke the anti-American men of blood, and to displace the idea of instant offensive action, upon an unfavorable answer, by insisting upon ARBITRATION and a magnanimous patience. *Once-a-Week* is enlightening multitudes upon the whole American question. Mr. Ludlow, in the forthcoming number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, contributes an article supplementing the eloquent and generous paper written by him six months since. American writers are making themselves felt;—would that it had been earlier and judiciously! Mr. Story is contributing letters to *The Daily News*. Letter I., after a general estimate of the tone of British feeling, proceeds to the Right of Search question, and produces some important illustrative facts which are almost unknown in England. A short review of the political history of the United States is then given, and the real issue in the present conflict is shown to be slavery—it is substantially the one subject of dispute. The tariff plea is shown to be a pretense. This letter and notes occupy four and a half closely printed columns. The extreme length of the letter is a mistake. And it may not be without its value to note here two or three things which abate the force of this able letter. Following the American custom, Mr. Story generalizes upon a fact or half fact. For instance: he says "that public speakers declared over and over again that England would not submit to this blockade; that cotton England must and would have."

Now, this statement, coming early in the letter, is calculated to lower the estimate made of the whole. For every reader of *The Daily News* would know that it was a great exaggeration, however undeserved. Such "declarations" have certainly *not* been made. So also, Mr. Story says the Nashville came in "to Southampton to be more effectually armed:" the fact being that the armament was at once forbidden. And so of the press. To Mr. Story, *The Times*, and its feeble followers, is the British press. Further, and still more to be regretted, Mr. Story says: "The people of England seem to have vied with each other in accusing and insulting the United States." It must be said that this is as incorrect in fact as it is inexpedient in statement. The forcible and most timely portion of the letter is all too short, and is buried under the mass of not very judicious matter. It tells of the taking of British sailors and of American citizens from the decks of neutral American ships by English commanders, during the French war. *These facts want to be proclaimed aloud to uninformed English people now.* But Mr. Story further damages this his strong case by a curious inaccuracy: he says 2,500 American citizens, who had been impressed, were, on the declaration of war, shut up in Dartmoor Prison. There is, I believe, a manifest error in the numbers given. Let it be said that hardly a greater service could have been done to the United States, and to England also, than the publication and wide distribution of a narrative of these seizures, and of the closing and most dreadful tragedy at Dartmoor, of which England may be said to be wholly ignorant. A narrative written with simple dignity and pathos, and without reproach or crimination, would deeply affect the English mind, and explain to Englishmen the strange and unaccountable fact of anti-British feeling even among the sober and kindly New Englanders. A list of the killed and wounded of those imprisoned patriots is now before the writer, and cannot be looked upon without deep emotion. Mr. Story's Letter II. enters largely into the question of slavery, and proceeds at great length to examine the constitutional question, of the right of secession. The argument from the "Repeal of the Union" of Great Britain and Ireland, and the feeling of England thereupon, is forcibly presented. But much of this is discourse to deaf adders. Intelligent England generally is understanding these questions, and learning more of them daily; but neither Mr. Motley, nor Mr. Story, nor an angel from heaven, could make the case comprehensible to *The Times*. A second letter from Mr. C. A. Bristed of New York has appeared both in *The Herald* and in *The Standard*. The first of these letters, which described the pernicious influence of *The Times* and of *The Saturday Review* on the minds of even educated New York citizens, has had the effect of eliciting an explanation from those self-sufficient and superfine gentlemen, the *Saturday Reviewers*. The explanation is true, and really important to those who would rightly estimate the Tory and the more able reactionary press of England. The explanation in substance is: We do not write for American readers—not design to offend them; we do not write on American account. Our purpose is *to disgust England with everything American*; and so to counteract the design of Americanizing this country. For what would become of us, the privileged, if there is constantly exhibited a great, wealthy country, in which millions of farmers are freeholders, in which laborers have pork or beefsteak breakfasts, and become farmers; in which there is great educational and religious energy, but no tithes or church-rates, no prison-filling game-laws, and, outside of a few great cities, no pauper population. This explanation may be accepted. It would have been worth something to both countries had the extent and character, the origin and design, of anti-American effusions been understood in the United States. Let this calamity be overpast—only let war be averted, and then there must be a real holy alliance between the two peoples. There must be a wise propagandism; but, unfortunately, want of information and prejudice present barriers to this, even in the United States. The conduct of *The Times* and the manifestation of the old Tory virulence, are making a revelation to the nation. Ere long the enemies of the United States and the enemies of the people of England will be seen to be one. W.

SOLDIERS IN THEIR TENTS.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

While our generals are trying to make soldiers of their men, the men are studying how to make themselves comfortable. In the summer months shelter and clothing were matters of minor importance, but with the coming of winter the soldiers began to be busy, with or without tools, in improving their frail and temporary abodes. The common tent, sometimes, from its form, called the "A" tent, contains eighteen yards—more or less—of canvas. More than half the army of the Potomac are still living in such. An ax and a spade are given to each company. On the western side of the river the men are permitted to help themselves to timber in the woods—in Maryland it is forbidden.

The most common device for shelter is to build a miniature log-hut, and to erect upon the top of it the little tent as a roof. In the rear wall, two or three of the horizontal timbers nearest the ground are cut away, and to correspond with this opening a sod chimney is erected on the outside. This is the natural instinct of the backwoodsmen.

Traces of antecedents and former homes may often thus be seen, both among our native and foreign-born soldiers.

Those who came from the late army of Utah, mindful of the winds which swept down the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, are apt to dig a pit and pitch their tent over it, as the Sardinians did in their first Crimean winter.

A whole company of the First New York Artillery was recently found in such premature graves.

The Hungarians from the reedy Theiss, the Saxons from the plains of the Elbe, the Flemings from the lands of the Scheldt, familiar in their old homes with the uses of the osier willow, erect little houses of cedar poles, not unlike the work of the rustic settlers seen in the grounds of our fine country residences. In the De Kalb Regiment some tents are entirely covered with a close-woven thatch of cedar sprays—doubtless a souvenir of the Tyrol. The German Regiment formerly commanded by Gen. Blenker,

and dirty in the extreme, as it makes each tent a store-house and a kitchen, and almost every man his own cook. Where it prevails, the food is wretchedly prepared—the clothing is soiled with grease—and the tent is a sty of all manner of litter, and filled with unsavory smoke and steam. Upon this unwholesome cooking disease is sure to follow, and the evils of the system shortly become so apparent that it is discarded for the other and better plan. W. M. C.

PREACHING ROUND THE SIN.

Is not this covering the sin? It is acknowledged, I believe, by all good people—and many, too, who are incorrigibly wicked—that American slavery is *the* great sin for which the Almighty is now punishing us as a nation, or, at least, this is the great cause of all our present national troubles; and it appears to me, that at such a time as the present, ministers of the Gospel, in particular, should lift up their united voice like a trumpet on all suitable occasions against this sin, and not preach and pray all round it, as if they wanted to say something about it, but dare not. I believe the time has come when it is the solemn duty of every praying soul to speak right out, in plain and unmistakable language, against this great sin.

We are not afraid to speak and to pray against the sin of Sabbath-breaking and drunkenness; and why attempt to cover up this "sum of all villainies"—this abomination of abominations—this great antagonism of our free institutions—by preaching and praying round it?

It is a notorious shame to the American clergy that so many of them adroitly avoid saying anything at such a time as this on this subject. I have of late felt distressed, ashamed, heart-sick, and disgusted at the course which many of them persist in following; and I find that the laity both East and West feel just as I do about it. As long as our ministers pray and preach round this great national sin, while they are boisterous in denouncing sins of a less aggravated character as great national iniquities, how can it be expected that we laymen should come out as we ought? S. E. T.

Lake Ridge, N. Y.

Religious Intelligence.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Statistics of the Denomination.—According to the carefully compiled statistics of *The Congregational Quarterly*, just issued, it appears that the number of Orthodox Congregational churches in the United States and British Provinces is 2,856: of these, 919 have settled pastors; 1,040 have stated supplies; 456 pulpits are vacant; 566 ministers are not in service. The membership of the churches is given as 259,119, of whom 158,239 are females. Of the whole number, 22,180 are reported as being "absent" from the churches with which they are connected. The additions for the year were 12,151, of which 5,522 were by profession. The dismissions were 10,539, of which 3,708 were by death, and 551 by excommunication. Number of baptisms: adults, 2,151; infants, 4,544. Number of members of Sabbath-schools, 246,547.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Bristol.—Mr. Charles F. Abbott and Mr. Joseph W. Pickett, both members of the last class at Andover, were ordained as evangelists at Bristol, on Thursday, Jan. 2.

Invocation and Reading of Scriptures, Rev. H. S. Sleeper of Bristol; Prayer, Rev. J. Currier of Bristol; Sermon, Rev. C. W. Wallace of Manchester; Ordaining Prayer and Charge to the Evangelists, Rev. A. P. Tenney of West Concord; Right Hand of Fellowship, Rev. J. Boutwell of Saubornton Square; Prayer, Rev. S. H. Amsden of Hill.

Though the day was extremely cold, the Congregational church was filled with a large audience at an early hour. The exercises were all of a highly interesting character, and were listened to with the closest attention, and often with deep emotion. The sermon, by Rev. C. W. Wallace, from Rom. xi. 33, was one of great beauty, tenderness, and power, and eminently fitted to impress on those entering the ministerial work the riches and power of the religion of Jesus. The choir, led by Prof. B. B. Davis of Concord, performed their parts with good taste and effect, adding much to the interest of the occasion. Each of the evangelists continues in his present field of labor. Mr. Abbott has been engaged at Bristol for several months past, and the result of his labors is apparent in an increasing interest and seriousness among the people, and by several additions to the church. Mr. Pickett continues his labors in Wentworth, where, during the past few months, twelve new members have been added to the church under his care.—*Congregational Journal.*

VERMONT—Weybridge.—Rev. Mr. Austin, formerly tutor in Middlebury College, and late of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Addison Association, at a special meeting last week at Weybridge.—*Chronicle.*

A correspondent, under date of Jan. 8, writes thus: "We have had an unusually interesting circular conference at Weybridge to-day—manifest tokens of the divine presence. In Cornwall, Middlebury, and New Haven, too, there is 'a shaking in the tops of the mulberry trees,' that indicates a return to duty by many of the professed followers of the Redeemer. Pray for us."

Saxton's River.—Mr. Wm. J. Harris, recently at the head of Munson Academy, Mass., was ordained to the work of the Gospel ministry in the Congregational meeting-house at Saxton's River, the 2d inst.

Rev. Joseph Chandler of West Brattleboro, was moderator, and Rev. C. D. Jefferds of Chester, scribe of the council. Invocation and Reading of the Scriptures, Rev. Jos. Chandler; Prayer, Rev. W. M. Wilbur, Baptist church, Saxton's River; Sermon, Rev. Jos. Chandler; Ordaining Prayer and Charge to the Minister, Rev. A. Stevens; Fellowship of the Churches, Rev. C. D. Jefferds; Address to the People, Rev. Jos. Chandler; Benediction by the minister.

A thorough examination of the candidate was well sustained; the day, though cold, was pleasant, the congregation quite large, the exercises interesting, and the singing appropriate and rich. The sermon, founded upon Gal. i. 8, was an able and impressive exposition of two truths: 1st, That the Gospel claims and maintains pre-eminence above all other religious systems; and 2d, That it excludes all other systems. Christianity is intolerant in the same sense that all other truth is intolerant toward opposing errors.—*Chronicle.*

MASSACHUSETTS — Egremont. — The "week of prayer" recommended by the Evangelical Alliance, London, was observed by the Congregational church of Egremont, Mass., the pastor preaching to show the personality and divinity of the Holy Spirit, on the 5th; and the signs of the times, our dangers and duty, on the 12th inst.

CONNECTICUT—Coventry.—Rev. Merrick Knight, late of Hebron, Ct., has declined the call to settle as colleague pastor with Rev. Dr. Cahoun over the Congregational church and society in North Coventry, but will continue his labors there until the 1st of April next.

NEW YORK—Staten Island.—Mr. W. A. Devon was ordained to the work of the Gospel ministry in the Congregational church at Mariner's Harbor, Staten Island, on the 8th inst. Rev. R. F. Hibbard of Brooklyn was moderator; an able Sermon was delivered by Rev. H. D. Northrop of Brooklyn; the Ordaining Prayer was pronounced by Rev. R. F. Hibbard; the Right Hand of Fellowship and Charge was given by Rev. Thomas Easton of Greenport, L. I. A thorough examination of the candidate was well sustained.

WM. D. MORTON, Clerk.

Brooklyn.—At an adjourned meeting of a council called by Plymouth church, Brooklyn, on Monday afternoon and evening, Dec. 30, 1861, Mr. Chas. Hall Everest was ordained to the work of the Gospel ministry. Mr. Everest has just accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Congregational church in Owego, N. Y., and entered upon the duties of his charge on the first Sabbath of the present month.

Saugerties.—Rev. G. H. Coffey has accepted a unanimous call from the Congregational church in Saugerties, N. Y., and was installed on the 22d of Jan.

OHIO—West Newton.—A new Congregational church of fifteen members was organized on Sunday, Dec. 15th, at West Newton, Allen county, O. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in connection with the services, and four infants were baptized.

KANSAS.—The correspondent of *The Congregationalist* writes from Kansas:

"We have much to encourage us and our friends in the churches founded by Christian effort, and sustained by believing prayer, of New England and other churches. Suffering with others in these dark days of our country, we believe that they show themselves not unworthy of their origin, or unmindful of their obligations, to prove their faith by 'patient continuance in well-doing.'

"Bodies nearly allied to us in faith have had numerous laborers. So far as I know, their present strength is—Baptist, two; Presbyterian, N.-S., three; O.-S., two; Congregational, twenty,—in active service. We have lost three, but their places were filled at once.

"It is not easy to carry on our work with war, no money, and corn (our staple) at ten or fifteen cents per bushel; but not one of the Home Mission churches has yet fallen below the mark of last year, and one or two are struggling toward self-sustenance."

BAPTIST.

Return of Missionaries.—Mr. Thomas L. Ranney, formerly missionary printer to our Burmah Mission, but for some seven years engaged in business in Burmah on his own account, is now returning with his family to this country, having taken passage on the 1st of December. With him will return an adopted son of Dr. Binney, and the missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Harris. They will probably arrive in England some time in April. Mr. Ranney has been in India for more than seventeen years. He was on shipboard with the reverend Dr. Judson at the time of his death, and has taken an important part in the active services and sufferings of the missionaries through all this period. He will be cordially welcomed home.—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

It is said that Col. Cone, son of the late Dr. S. H. Cone, is among the recent converts in the army, and that he is zealously engaged in making known Christ and him crucified.—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

The Baptist Cause in the far-off island of Australia seems to be in a prosperous state. During two years, a hundred and seventy have been baptized by Mr. Wilson of Brisbane. New churches are springing up all around. In New South Wales, steady progress is reported.

Our Baptist Brethren in Germany have at least 855 preaching stations, and 8,935 members. This is a clear increase, according to the last Annual Report, of 1,027 members. Mr. Oncken deplores the loss of much support from America; but the depth of the poverty of his own people has abounded to the riches of their liberality; and help from England will enable him, it is hoped, to sustain existing means for spreading the Gospel.

The Newport, R. I., News says: "The Central Baptist church in this city, at the request of their pastor, Rev. Dr. Jackson, have invited Mr. Henry E. Robins of Hartford, Ct., to become an associate pastor. Mr. Robins graduated last summer at the Newton Theological Institution, Newton, Mass.

The Publication Society and Slavery.—An attractive pamphlet of some seventy pages has been placed in our hands, bearing the imprint of the American Baptist Publication Society. Upon turning over its pages we find it to be a treatise upon "Slavery and Slaveholding in the United States," and the author, Rev. George W. Anderson. This pamphlet has a double interest and value when it is looked upon as the exponent of the views and policy of the noble Society, the seal of whose indorsement is upon its title-page. Although this tract has just made its appearance, the circumstances which led to its preparation date back to 1859–60. In February, 1861, the Board asked the Society for special authority and appropriation to publish a suitable work on American slavery. At the anniversary in May, the Society granted in spirit the request, by the passage of the following:

Resolved, That it is the province and duty of this Society to enunciate the law of God on slavery, as well as upon other sins.

The tract under review is the first which has been presented which met the approval of the Committee of Publication.

Thus the American Baptist Publication Society, already on record as to her position, gives in clear and earnest tones her convictions and her policy on this momentous subject. The step, we doubt not, will meet with the disapprobation of some, but its wisdom will be generally commended. And the Society can afford to brave some of man's opposition where they may so confidently rely upon all of God's approval.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Chaplains.—Rev. Wm. C. Patterson, pastor of the Baptist church at Mill Village, Dedham, has been elected chaplain of the Massachusetts cavalry regiment, a portion of which has already gone to Annapolis. Rev. Mr. Sanford of North Adams, of the 27th Regiment, is the only other Baptist officiating as chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment. This circumstance is somewhat remarkable, though there is not the least reason to believe that it results from any design to keep the office from that denomination. The selection is left to the colonel and staff of each regiment.

METHODIST.

Independent Methodist Church.—A "Conference of the Independent Methodist Churches in the United States" was held in the St. John's Methodist church in this city, on Wednesday and Thursday last. About twenty delegates, lay and clerical, were in attendance, representing Independent Methodist churches in different parts of the country. Rev. M. Staples of Brooklyn was chosen President; Rev. H. Mattison of New York, Secretary; and James M. Coburn of New York, Treasurer. Two young men were ordained to the ministry, and arrangements were made for starting a periodical, to be called *The Methodist Independent*, to be edited by Professor Mattison. The peculiarities of this sect are that, while they adhere to Methodist doctrines and mode of worship, they have no "bishops" or "presiding elders;" the churches are independent of the Conference, own their church property, choose their own pastors, and retain them as long as they please; and the Conference, composed of ministers and lay delegates, has no legislative, executive, or judicial authority over the local churches, beyond that of mere advice and recommendation. The articles of faith of the Methodist Episcopal Church were adopted by the Conference, and recommended to the local churches as a doctrinal platform, and a carefully prepared plan of union or constitution was adopted and subscribed by all the delegates present.—*Evening Post.*

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Conference in relation to our existing national troubles:

1. *Resolved*, That, as a Conference, we deeply and sincerely sympathize with the efforts now being made by the Government of these United States for crushing the useless and iniquitous rebellion that rages in the land.

2. *Resolved*, That in our opinion slavery is the cause of this rebellion, and that the rebellion will never be crushed until slavery is abolished from the land; and we do pledge ourselves to use every effort in our power to hasten this glorious consummation.

3. *Resolved*, That in the President of these United States, and in the Commander-in-Chief of the American army, we are glad to recognize men who fear God and believe in prayer; and in response to their own request we will pray for them.

EPISCOPAL.

Personal.—The Secretary of the General Convention of Massachusetts, Rev. T. B. Hayward, has removed from Brookline to Lowell.

Dr. Sparrow and Dr. Packard, late of the Alexandria Seminary, are now engaged in giving instruction to candidates for the ministry in Eastern Virginia at Staunton.

Rev. Alexander Crummell, who has had many years' experience of the interesting and important experiment at Liberia—a subject of increasing interest to all thoughtful persons now—proposes to issue a volume containing a number of papers bearing more or less directly upon Liberia, the results already attained there, the possibilities and probabilities in view, and kindred subjects. We trust that the 400 subscribers he needs before he can put the work to press, will soon be obtained.—*Church Journal.*

The Archbishop of Dublin.—A Congregationalist—Denham Smith—was a leader in the revival meetings in Dublin, and indeed is said to have been more influential than any other man. Prayer-meetings under his guidance were held in all parts of the city. Ministers of the Established Church took an active part in them, and in so doing were encouraged by the warm sympathy of Archbishop Whateley's family. Mr. Smith was invited to hold a prayer-meeting at the Palace; which he did, the Archbishop excusing his own absence on the ground of official engagements. He is regarded as orthodox and evangelical in his views; but has from his earliest years devoted himself so much to purely intellectual pursuits, as to prejudice his standing in the view of his more active clergy. But all appreciate the devoted piety of his wife and daughters. One of his daughters was sent, by advice of her physician, to spend the winter in Egypt for her health. On arriving she at once got up a school for the native children, hiring teachers, paying expenses, and superintending it herself.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

A Clergyman's Baggage.—Rev. J. B. P. Wilmer, formerly rector of St. Mark's church, in this city, has lately been allowed to go to the South, where, it is understood, his heart has long been, along with a considerable amount of property, acquired by marriage. He went by Fortress Monroe, where, owing to the extraordinary bulk of his baggage, it was thought proper to search his person and his trunks.

According to the correspondent of a contemporary, maps, plans, papers, letters, and documents were found concealed in the lining of his clothing; and folded up in his clerical white cravat were illustrated papers, containing information concerning General Burnside's expedition. Twenty trunks, in which Mr. Wilmer was taking his portable property to Secessia, were opened, and found to contain a large assortment of clothing, dry goods, groceries, stationery, and other articles, quite sufficient to set up a small "store" in a one-horse town of the Old Dominion. Among the effects named are fifty pairs of pantaloons, forty-eight pairs of boots and shoes, and five pieces of heavy gray woolen cloth, suggesting that the reverend gentleman contemplated raising and clothing a company of soldiers. Among the baggage of this minister of God were also twenty-five gross of buttons, one hundred papers of needles, fifty papers of pins, one hundred and fifty spools of sewing-silk, fifty spools of thread, and thirty-one rolls of tape.

Supplied with these and a variety of other articles, this servant of the Lord was going on his way to the dominions of Jeff. Davis. This was his mode of performing his ministerial mission; carrying boots and shoes, as well as the Gospel, to the barefoot and benighted Southerners; conveying spiritual comfort and old Government Java coffee to the sinners in high places at Richmond. Unfortunately for those to whom he intended to convey aid and comfort, the Federal officers at Fortress Monroe would not allow these things to pass. The sacred person of the reverend gentleman was profaned by searchers, who spared no part of him. Deprived of all his *impedimenta* that were not absolutely necessary for his personal uses, Mr. Wilmer was dispatched to Norfolk, and now enjoys the protection, such as it is, of the flag of the rebel Confederacy. His baggage remains in the possession of the Provost-Marshal at Fortress Monroe.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, Jan. 8.*

REFORMED DUTCH.

Chinese Mission in California.—Rev. P. S. Williamson has begun religious services on the Sabbath, in the Chinese chapel at the corner of Stockton and Sacramento streets, with the ultimate purpose of organizing a Dutch Reformed church. The female seminary, conducted so ably for the last nine years by Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, has passed into other hands. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson were among the earliest laborers in the cause of education on this coast, and have done a noble work in aiding to lay the foundation of society in this rising state. The church which Mr. Williamson represents is one of the very foremost in purity of doctrine and steadfast adherence to the truth; and in this new effort he has our best wishes and warmest prayers.—*Pacific Expositor.*

Ordination and Installation.—Mr. Isaac L. Kip of the class graduated from the Theological Seminary in May last, and a son of Rev. Dr. Kip of Fishkill, was ordained to the sacred ministry on Sabbath last, by the reverend the North Classis of Long Island, and installed pastor of the Reformed Dutch church of East Williamsburg. The Sermon was preached by the father of the licentiate; Rev. J. W. Hammond presided and read the Form; Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Porter; the Charge to the Pastor was delivered by Rev. Mr. Wortman, and one to the congregation by Rev. Wm. H. Ten Eyck.—*Intelligencer.*

UNITARIAN.

A new Unitarian church in Boston, and the finest in New England, has a full chime of bells in its spire, which are to be played upon by means of electricity, so that the performer may cause them all to sound while seated at the key-board similar to that of an organ. A new Methodist Episcopal church in the same city has also a very peculiar improvement, which consists in the use of a stream of Cochituate water to blow the organ. The organist has only to turn a stop-cock which lets on the water, and the bellows are put in motion, and the instrument adequately supplied with wind.

Rev. Dr. Sheldon, formerly President of Waterville College, but who a few years ago went over from the Baptists to the Unitarians, has recently closed his pastoral relations with a Unitarian church in Bath, Me., and gone to a church in Waterville, his old residence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Exeter Hall and the Trent Affair.—It is a creditable and significant fact that arrangements were made for a grand meeting at Exeter Hall on the day on which the message of the British Government in the Trent affair was expected to arrive at its destination, to beseech the divine guidance in the deliberations of the two governments. Christians of all denominations were to participate.

Evangelical Work in England.—Mr. Denham Smith, whose usefulness in Dublin, and in the midland and southern counties of Ireland, has been remarkable, recently visited London, and held meetings at Freemason's Hall. Mr. Reginald Radcliffe has been similarly employed, as has also Mr. John Hambleton, who is described as from California. Crowds attend their preaching. Mr. Radcliffe has now gone to France and Southern Europe for special evangelistic work.

Bible Reading for Soldiers.—In this country we furnish all our soldiers with Bibles, and they read for themselves. In Canada, it has been found necessary to form a society to furnish their army with Scripture readers at the rate of one for each regiment, with a salary of £100 sterling. The following gentlemen were appointed Officers and Committee: President, Colonel Wilmott, Royal Artillery; Vice-President, Lieutenant-Colonel Lowry, H.M. 47th Regiment; Treasurer, Mr. Davidson, Bank of Montreal; Secretaries, Mr. Lunn and Captain Barton, Royal Artillery; Committee, Rev. Mr. Rogers, Chaplain to the Forces, Hon. James Ferrier, Mr. T. M. Taylor, and Capt. Noble, Royal Engineers.

MINISTERIAL AND CHURCH REGISTER.

BARROWS—Mr. C. E. Barrows was ordained as pastor of the South Danvers (Mass.) church, Dec. 24.

BECKWITH—Rev. G. A. Beckwith, Andover class, 1860, has located at Manhattan, Kansas, as stated supply.

BIXBY—The Oak-place church and society have secured the services of Rev. J. P. Bixby.

BLOOD—Rev. C. E. Blood of Manhattan has removed to Wataga, Ill.

BOND—Rev. Mr. Bond, formerly of St. Johnsbury, has been engaged as stated supply of the First Congregational church in Blandford the coming year.

BONHAM—During the absence of Dr. Armitage, the pulpit of the Fifth-avenue Baptist church will be supplied by Rev. J. W. Bonham, recently preaching in Lowell, Mass.

BRIGHAM—Rev. E. P. Brigham is supplying the church at Camillus.

BRITTON—Rev. James B. Britton, rector of Grace church, Madison, has accepted a chaplaincy in a Wisconsin regiment in Kentucky.

CARROLL—Rev. J. Halsted Carroll of Brooklyn has received a call from the South Congregational church (formerly Dr. Stiles's) of New Haven, Ct.

CASE—The church at West Lebanon have requested Rev. Mr. Case to withdraw his resignation.

CURTIS—Rev. E. Curtis has become associated with Rev. E. Olney in the management of *The Michigan Christian Herald* at Kalamazoo instead of Detroit.

DAVIS—Mr. Perley B. Davis of Andover has accepted a call from the Congregational church in Sharon.

DEVON—Rev. W. A. Devon was ordained pastor of the Mariner's Harbor Congregational church, Jan. 8.

DUNCAN—We are glad to hear of the improving health of Rev. Dr. Duncan, late of New Orleans, and now in Philadelphia.

EARLE—A. B. Earle, laboring in West Troy, N. Y., will commence a series of meetings with the Tremont Temple Baptist church, Boston.

GESNER—Rev. A. H. Gesner has resigned the charge of All Saints' church, Brier Cliff, and accepted a call to the Church of the Holy Spirit, Rondout, Ulster co., N. Y.

GREEN—Mr. John Bremmer Green (Meadville, class of 1861) was ordained pastor of the Unitarian church in Bernardston.

HODGE—Rev. M. G. Hodge, late of Brooklyn, N. Y., has, we are pleased to learn, entered with improved health upon pastoral labors in Beaver Dam, Wis.

HOOKER—Rev. A. M. Hooker, East Windsor class, 1861, has recently arrived in Kansas, and is about deciding upon a location.

HUNTINGTON—At a meeting of the members of St. John's Parish, New Haven, the resignation of Rev. J. T. Huntington, rector of said parish, was accepted.

JUNY—Rev. F. A. Juny has abandoned his mission among the French in Chicago, and has gone to Kankakee, in the employ of the American Church Missionary Society, as an assistant to Rev. Dr. Williamson.

KING—Rev. Thomas Starr King has asked a dismission from the pastorate of the Hollis-street church in Boston, having determined to remain in California. He has been absent upwards of a year.

LEVY—Rev. E. M. Levy of Newark, N. J., has been called to the Berean church in West Philadelphia, Pa.

LIVELY—Mr. W. B. Lively was ordained at Wheelersburg, Ohio, Dec. 14.

LONGFELLOW—Rev. Samuel Longfellow, late of Brooklyn, is spending the winter in Berlin, Prussia.

MASON—Rev. Edward B. Mason of Cincinnati, O., has been employed to fill the pulpit of the Congregational church in Ravenna, O.

MAYNARD—Rev. A. Maynard has accepted a call from the Manlius church.

MCFARLAND—Rev. D. McFarland has accepted the chaplaincy of the regiment of volunteers quartered at Oswego.

MILLS—Rev. James E. Mills, pastor of the New Church society, in Brooklyn, has removed his residence to No. 12 East Warren street.

MOFFETT—Rev. William H. Moffett, lately at Booneville, has accepted a call to Grace church, Waterville.

MORRIS—Rev. W. R. Morris is supplying the pulpit of the Coates-street Presbyterian church, late Rev. Mr. Duffield's, Philadelphia.

NORTHROP—Rev. G. S. Northrop of Geneva is reported as "in the ranks" of the 8th Kansas Volunteers, to fill a vacancy of *one* in a company thus nearly completed among his people.

OTIS—Bro. Jacob Otis was ordained at Burns, Henry co., Ill., Dec. 14.

RICHARDSON—Rev. Marvin Richardson has been appointed presiding elder of the Newburg District.

ROBBINS—Mr. H. E. Robbins was ordained at Newport, R. I., Dec. 19.

ROGERS—Rev. B. W. Rogers, Boston, C. W., was recently installed as pastor of the Baptist churches of Lawrenceville and Queenston, C. W.

SMITH—Mr. Wilder Smith was ordained pastor of the Congregational church in Berlin, Ct., on Wednesday, Jan. 15. Sermon by Dr. Porter of Yale Seminary.

STARR—Rev. Frederick Starr, Jr., has received a unanimous call to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church, Penn Yan, N. Y.

TIBBETS—Rev. C. Tibbets, late of Pittsfield, N. H., commenced his labors with the Baptist church in Eastport, Me.

TSCHIFFELY—The parishes at Warsaw and Plymouth have united in the call of Rev. Louis P. Tschiffely to become their minister, and to officiate in each place every alternate Sunday.

WADSWORTH—Rev. Charles Wadsworth, D.D., pastor of the Arch-street church, Philadelphia, has received a unanimous call from the Calvary Presbyterian church, San Francisco, in which Dr. W. A. Scott formerly ministered.

WILSON—Mr. Walter Wilson (Meadville, class of 1860) was ordained over the Pittsburg church, Jan. 8.

WOODMAN—Rev. J. M. Woodman of Waterford, Wis., has gone to California to labor in the ministry wherever there shall be an opening.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

ASPECTS OF JUDAISM IN 1862.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Modern Jewish Literature—Distinguished Jewish Scholars.

In our former article on Modern Judaism, we have traced the gradual abolition of the intolerant legislation to which the Jews have been exposed for so many centuries in all Christian countries, with the only exception of the United States. More speedily than from the politicians they acquired a full acknowledgment of their citizenship in the literary world. They began to distinguish themselves on this field toward the close of the past century, at the same time when the principle of universal religious toleration gained its first conquests on the continent of Europe. Moses Mendelssohn, one of the greatest men Judaism ever produced, mediated to his co-religionists a proper understanding, if not of the doctrines of Christianity, at least of the spirit of Christian civilization. A new era began in the literature of the Jews, in which its character and contents changed as thoroughly as expression and language. The Scriptures were translated into the living languages, and the standard works of modern literatures into Hebrew. Poetry, languages, and philology, pedagogics, and especially their own theology and history, have been cultivated with great zeal. There is, in fact, hardly a nation of Europe whose recent history does not record among its most distinguished authors the name of a Jew. Latin lexicography is greatly indebted to the excellent dictionary of Dr. Freund, well known also in America by the translation of Dr. Andrews, and in England by the translation of Dr. W. Smith. One of the best, if not the best, Hebrew lexicons has been recently completed by Professor Fuerst of Leipzic. A new epoch in the literature on Mohammedanism was marked by the appearance of the admirable biography of Mohammed, by Dr. Weil, now Professor at Heidelberg, which superseded all former works on the subject, and was followed by the equally valuable Introduction into the Koran, and History of the Caliphs, of the same author. Professor Valentin of Bern, Switzerland, is regarded as the greatest physiologist now living. To Berthold Auerbach the historics of literature assign a front rank among the novel-writers of modern Germany. In those great focuses of literary life, the Imperial and Royal Academies of the European capitals, the Jews are numerously and honorably represented. Their contributions to the Biblical literature of the Old Testament are not yet so many and so remarkable as might be expected from their achievements in other departments of science. Yet also in this branch of literature there have been, of late, signs of great progress, and many Jewish scholars have in particular distinguished themselves by elucidating difficult points of Christian archeology. An interesting specimen of this class of Jewish literature appeared last year in *The American Theological Review*, being a translation of a treatise of Rabbi Mielziner of Copenhagen, Denmark, on slavery among the ancient Hebrews. Another specimen, a translation of an article of Dr. Saalschuez, Professor at the University of Koenigsberg, and one of the best Hebrew scholars now living, on the same subject, may be found in the January number of *The Bibliotheca Sacra.*

Attitude of Evangelical Protestantism with Regard to the Jews.

The acknowledgment of the literary merits of distinguished Jewish authors has been a general one among the three great schools which divide the Protestant world—the High Churchmen, the Evangelical schools, and the Rationalists. In other respects the attitude of these three schools with regard to the Jewish population, has been greatly different. The High Churchmen of England, Germany, Holland, and other countries have mostly united with the Roman Catholics in endeavoring to keep up a legislation which degrades the Jews to the condition of pariahs. The Rationalists are in favor of giving them political and social liberty, but they lessen the difference which separates the Jewish and the Christian theologies, and have never made any noteworthy efforts for spreading among the Jews the knowledge of Christianity. The Evangelical party of Protestantism, on the contrary, has both aided in the efforts made for the political emancipation of the Jews, and at the same time has been unceasing in its efforts to spread among them a knowledge of the Christian religion.

A signal proof of the sentiments of justice and charity which animate evangelical Protestantism with regard to the Jews, has been given in the history of the Mortara case. Not only were all the evangelical churches unanimous in condemning the outrage committed by the Papal Government against the sacred rights of parents, but they made noble and unceasing efforts to assist the Jews in obtaining a redress of this unheard-of grievance. It will be remembered that an address to the English Government, praying it to use its diplomatic influence in behalf of the parents of the child Mortara, was signed by nearly all the bishops of the Church of England and by the leading men of all the Dissenting denominations. And more recently, the representatives of the evangelical churches, assembled at the general meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Geneva, resolved unanimously to attempt once more an intervention in behalf of the child Mortara.

The special missionary societies for the conversion of the Jews are almost exclusively the work of the evangelical Protestants. They were first organized by those two great evangelical schools of Germany, the Moravians and the Pietists. In 1808 the London Society for the Jews was founded, which has since become the most important of all. Its receipts during the year ending May, 1861, amounted to £35,460, and its foreign operations extended to Holland, France, Italy, Germany, Poland, Turkey, Palestine, Egypt, Algiers, and other countries.

Influence of Christianity on Modern Judaism—Numerous and Distinguished Converts—Reformatory Movements.

The spirit of charity and justice which evangelical Christianity has shown toward the Jews in its missionary enterprises and missionary schools, in its literature and in its political legislation, has not failed to produce great and gratifying results. The Jews all over the world have learned to distinguish the evangelical Christianity of the XIXth century from the persecuting churches of former ages. They no longer shun an acquaintance with Christian teachings and Christian institutions, but, on the contrary, they are cultivating it with great zeal, and thus promoting its influence on their community.

A large number, perhaps a majority of the Jewish children who receive a higher literary education, are brought up in Christian colleges and schools. Although they may take no part in the religious instruction, they easily imbibe Christian ideas, which, in minds earnestly inquiring after religious truth, frequently lead to a full reception of the Gospel. The mission-schools, which have been numerously established by the societies for the conversion of the Jews, for the religious instruction of Jewish children, have been in many places a great success; as, *ex. gr.*, in the Prussian province of Posen, in Constantinople, and in Cairo. An extraordinary receptivity for the doctrines of Christianity was recently discovered, by a missionary agent of the London Society for the Jews, among the Jews of Abyssinia, called Felashas, and counting more than a quarter of a million souls. The missionary, in a report delivered before the London Society in April, 1861, expressed the hope that a large portion of them would be gained for the Christian church.

The fruits gathered by these missionary efforts are already large. The number of converts baptized by the agents of the London Society for the Jews, during fifty years, is reported to amount to over 50,000. The other societies report likewise large numbers, and many have embraced Christianity without a direct instrumentality of any of the missionary societies. The converts belong to all classes of society, and not a few of them have greatly distinguished themselves as Christians. Thus Germany counts among the converts from Judaism the learned Neander, the yet unsurpassed historian of the Christian church, and Dr. Stahl, the great German jurist, statesman, and orator, who, though a leader of the mischievous High Church movement, is yet esteemed by evangelical Protestants as one of the most earnest and gifted defenders of the Christian revelation against the attacks of modern rationalism and skepticism. Among the numerous converts to Christianity in Holland are Dr. Da Costa and Dr. Capadose, two prominent advocates of evangelical principles in a country in which rationalism at present prevails to a larger extent than anywhere else in Europe. The churches of England have likewise received numerous accessions, among whom were Dr. Alexander, the first Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, Joseph Wolff, the eccentric missionary, and others. The missionaries sent out by the London Society for the Jews, and other similar societies, are likewise, for the most part, Jewish converts, and many others may be found in the ranks of the clergy of nearly every large Christian church.

These conversions are not the only fruit of the more frequent and more friendly intercourse between the Jews and Christians. Reformatory schools have sprung up among the Jews themselves, which endeavor to transplant many of the excellences which they have found in Christian countries to the Jewish soil. Their theological schools have been reorganized; preaching in the native languages has been largely introduced into their divine worship; Christian literature on the Bible is extensively studied and made use of; a distinction is being made by many of their leading scholars between the teachings of the Old Testament and the Jewish traditions, and many of the latter are openly abrogated; societies have been formed for promoting the study of the Old Testament; yea, it is reported that Jews at present liberally contribute to the circulation of the New Testament in Italy, and that they justify this proceeding by saying that the Protestants treat them well, while the Catholic Church has always persecuted them and exerts an influence against them wherever she can.

There can be no doubt that Judaism all over the world is at present in a great fermentation and in a state of transition. The leaven of Christianity is at work, and only needs the fostering care of the Christian churches to achieve still greater results than those recorded in the preceding article.

Editors' Book Table.

PROSE WRITINGS OF BAYARD TAYLOR. Revised edition. At Home and Abroad. First series. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1861. 12mo. pp. 500.—This series of the writings of the genial and discursively minded traveler and poet is distinguished by Mr. Putnam as the "Caxton Edition." Its delicate tinted paper and tasteful open page scarcely recall to the bookish mind the work of Father Caxton, with its big, blockish, uneven letter and faulty lines, unskillful even for his ancient day, except on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. Yet there is that which quite too much recalls Father Caxton. Why does Mr. Putnam permit his title-pages and sometimes his running titles and other parts of his books to be almost invariably disgraced (the first title-page of this work may be excepted, but not the second) by being either monked or friared or battered, or sometimes all of them? We do not mean to say that Mr. Putnam issues worse work than many other New York publishers; for we apprehend that few of them would claim any constant superiority to him in this matter, or would undertake a competition before a jury of experts, with the Riverside or the Cambridge University Presses. His fault is here: that he professes to issue *library editions of standard works*—which should *par excellence* be distinguished by workmanlike, faithful, faultless press-work—and permits such glaring defects to appear upon their pages as these which we notice.

This volume contains a selection of sketches of travel in Europe and America, interspersed with a few tales and reminiscences, all in the pleasant, easy style which has secured for Mr. Taylor so large a literary constituency.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS HOOD. Edited by Epes Sargent. Vol. 1. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1862. 12mo. pp. xxviii. and 475.—This is intended to be a full collection of the poetical and prose works of Hood. We say "intended;" for Hood's deficiency in the valuable quality of conceit rendered him so careless in the preservation of his writings, that many of them have thus far eluded the researches of his successive editors. Mr. Sargent's edition contains more than any previous one; and with its intended sequence of the prose writings, will become such an edition of "complete works" as may satisfy the numerous admirers of Hood, and that book-buyer's sense of perfection which no partial publication ever fills. Mr. Putnam terms this the "Aldine edition." The present volume, besides a brief memoir, consists of poems.

THE HISTORY OF THE FREE-WILL BAPTISTS, for half a century, with an introductory chapter. By Rev. J. D. Stewart. Vol. 1. From 1780 to 1830. Dover: Free-Will Baptist Printing Establishment. 1862. 12mo. pp. 479.—There are many, even among the best-informed of our readers, who would experience a sort of mental jog at reading of Benjamin Randall as a great man, "the first son and future glory" of his family—so small a share has denominational celebrity in real fame. Mr. Randall was the founder of the sect of Free-Will Baptists, who arose, as Mr. Stewart determines the date, in 1780, with the organization of the church at New Durham, N. H. The book is a careful history of the denomination down to 1830, with the appropriate assertions of their doctrinal views; is written in a good spirit, and contains a large body of biographical and statistical information.

THE CROSS-BEARER. A Vision. American Tract Society. Boston: 1861. Small 4to. pp. 206.—A series of twelve cuts, illustrative of the inward experiences of one who sets out to take up Christ's cross and follow him, set forth in the similitude of a journey. The brief narrative of each chapter is by Dr. Kirk, and is accompanied with poetical readings, also in part selected by him.

HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE. Second series. By Horatius Bonar, D.D., Kelso. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1862. 16mo. pp. 308.—This collection of poems, all profoundly imbued with their author's well-known devotional spirit, includes also two sections or chapters, one of translations and imitations, and one entitled "Memories of the East," whose themes were supplied by reminiscences of travel in Palestine. Their value is rather for spirit and matter than for form.

THE EXILES OF MADEIRA. By Rev. W. M. Blackburn. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication. 12mo. pp. 216.—An unpretending and interesting account of the persecutions of those Protestant Christians of Madeira whose hard case excited so much sympathy among us some years ago, and about a thousand of whom have since become established in Illinois.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS for the year 1860. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1861. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 504; lxviii. and 862; and 643.—The agricultural volume contains a valuable comparative sketch of the provisions of the European Governments for the encouragement of agriculture and pursuits connected with it, by laws, administrative departments, schools, or societies; a somewhat fuller sketch of the scope and efficiency of our own agricultural bureau; and essays, practical and statistical, upon fertilizers, the recent progress of ag

The Independent.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 23, 1862.

SERMONS UPON THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath Question is on the way to be one of the most important moral questions of our times. That a whole people should agree to cease from secular industries, and open their hearts to truths of affection and of religion for one full day of every seven, is more than interesting, it is sublime. But how shall the inhabitants of this continent be brought to such consent?

It was easy for our fathers to secure extraordinary observance of the Sabbath in New England. The original population was homogeneous and of common religious convictions. The Sabbath day had become a distinctive badge of Puritanism.

In addition to the real love which religious men had for this world-renowned day, to the solemnity of its sanctions, and to its authority as a divine institution, there was a fervor of zeal no doubt unconsciously derived from the controversies between Protestant and Roman Catholic churches. Among the Reformed churches of England the Sabbath was a holy day; but among Catholics a holiday. It is still so. The Roman Catholic makes it a religious day at the beginning, and a social and almost festive day in the end. The Puritan, disgusted with the desecration to which this led, made it exclusively a religious day, and threw out, with conscientious thoroughness, any element of amusement, as radically inconsistent with the divine nature of worship peculiar to this day.

Thus, on the one side, the old church made the day more attractive and agreeable to the young, the worldly, in short, to the mass of men; while the Reformed churches made it more religious, and far more powerful as an education upon those who accepted it. But these were few.

On the Continent, the Sabbath question was never placed, even in the Reformed churches, upon the grounds which it took among the Puritans in England. The Lutherans did not differ from the Catholics in the spirit of their Sabbath. Not even the Calvinists ever held the rigor of view that obtained across the Channel; so that a large latitude of opinion and conviction has always existed in the Protestant churches.

All these questions are opening among us, and particularly in our large cities. Our population is mixed. They have had different educations. Their childhood associations of the Sabbath have been widely different. The teachings to which they have been reared are dissimilar, and in many cases opposite. Their social life, the customs of the day, have been cast in different molds. While on one side of the street our children are, on Saturday, driving hoop, or playing boisterously, on the other side Jewish worshipers are chanting their services in their synagogue. On the morrow the Jew is at liberty, but the Christian is at church. But even on the Christian Sabbath there is no unity either of worship, opinion, or custom. The Lutheran Sabbath is not the New England Sunday. The Protestant day is not like the Roman Catholic day.

Now we hold few things so important as the *General and Religious Observance of the Sabbath Day*. One of the most fatal blows at religion, and one of the most uncivilizing to society, would be that which destroyed the Sabbath day. It would be peculiarly oppressive to the Poor. It would make the yoke of labor yet harder, and the burden of care heavier. It would withdraw safeguards that now restrain pleasure from wantonness, and, leaving the popular mind without a regularly recurring moral influence, would soon demoralize it. Even if we regarded the question as one of health, there should be a physiological Sabbath;—as a matter of political economy, there should be one day in seven of productive rest.

There are industrial, social, and moral reasons for a Continental Sabbath. Even if there were no authority in the Bible, there is authority in Nature for this day of rest. Even if the revelation of the letter had forgotten to ordain it, the revelation of creation did not forget; and, though the New Testament does not *command* the day, so neither does it *command* eating, sleeping, proper clothing, or any other act or course for which there is already a custom among men, and an organic necessity in nature.

But, while there is no question as to the desirableness and obligatoriness of the Sabbath, there are important questions which should be pondered.

What is the best method of observing the Sabbath? Our *method of keeping* the Sabbath is a very different thing from the doctrine that *the Christian Sabbath is to be observed*.

What are the best methods of producing popular consent to the observance of the Sabbath? We cannot force the day upon people. It would not be desirable to do it if we could. It is not the American Christian way of dealing with men. Our civilization teaches us to take every man in society along with us. The poorest citizen is a general partner in this national concern. *The American Sabbath* must not be a *class Sabbath*; an ecclesiastical day; a peculiar *church day*. It must become the *people's day*. They must be led to adopt it; to love and revere it; to make it a Delight and Honorable! Then there will be a National Sabbath. But, in order to this, the Sabbath which we advocate must have in it some provision or allowance for the wants of every class and condition of men in our nation. It must be a day as humane to the poor as to the rich. Its observance must not be framed for the convenience of those who have ease and leisure, and without sympathy for those who all the week are ground and moiled with oppressive labor. If it is to be National, it must be the People's Sabbath. If it is to be the People's, then it must be the Bible Sabbath. If it is to be the Bible Sabbath, it must, not alone in its general and remote intent, but in its details and working elements and observances, be thoroughly *Humane*. It must be *Christ's Day*.

A course of sermons has been begun in New York, by such eminent and able ministers as Dr. Rice, Dr. Vinton, Dr. Wm. Adams, Dr. Hague, Dr. Ganse, and others fit to company with them. They will, without doubt, give the best Scriptural view of the nature, authority, and benefit of this divine institution. But we hope that other questions will also be fully and ably discussed.

1. An exposition of the duty of forbearance and kindness among Christians who hold, conscientiously, entirely unlike doctrines respecting the Sabbath. There is a Christian liberty that is to be maintained. There is liberty of dissent, liberty of protest, liberty of argument, liberty of variations of belief from any public standard. Nor is a man to lose his Christian name for the exercise of that liberty, nor be made odious for that which Christ put into his hand as a royal prerogative. (Colossians ii. 16, 17.)

2. There ought to be some instruction for the family, as to the method of making the Sabbath a religious day, and yet not irksome and intolerable to children and to persons of quick and restless temperaments. The art of keeping a Christian Sabbath in the family needs exposition. Many wish to keep the Sabbath. They do not know *how*. Their efforts result in wearisomeness and disgust. But the Lord's day is not a burden, but a rest.

3. We need to have a clear distinction drawn between cheerfulness, joy, the very gayety of love and hope in religious things, and that solemnity that shuts down over worship like night and darkness. The Sabbath may be sober without being ascetic. Under the Christian dispensation it celebrates, in part at least, the most triumphant event of history, the glorious arising of Christ with joy and salvation for the world. Levity, boisterous sport, secular amusement, mere mirth, are to be excluded. But gladness, joyfulness, and Christian festivity ought to mark the day.

4. Some attention should be given to one of the most oppressed and Sabbath-ridden of all classes—ministers of the Gospel! It seems like a perpetual sarcasm to hear these overworked men thanking God for this day of *rest!* Rest?—Why, half the ministers sat up half the night of Saturday to prepare their two sermons; they rose on Sunday with throbbing temples; they wrought in their studies till the bell's toll; they officiate in the most exhausting services for an hour and a half. They rest one or two hours, and then return, for another exhausting service of like duration; and at evening, being now strung up to the highest nervous tension, conduct an evening prayer-meeting, or perhaps preach a third time. Then the man lies awake all night, sleeps a few hours on Monday morning, and on Monday afternoon or Tuesday wakes up in the purgatory of ministers' Blue Monday! This is charmingly entitled a Day of Rest! And like to it is the service of many a man and woman, overtasked in brain and nerve all the week, and then, on the day of *Rest*, working harder than any other day of the seven! The fact is, that church labors are so arranged that the overworked are taxed still more, and the indolent do nothing at all. *They* rest who should work; and *they* work who should rest. There is a vast amount of pulpit desecration of the Sabbath, and Sunday-school violation of God's laws of rest, and of church disregard of a Christian observance.

We hope that a course of sermons by our ablest New York divines will not close until there has been some earnest effort to show to the great common people how the Sabbath day may be a joy, a liberty, a blessing to them in their persons, their families, and communities—a blessing of God to soul and body!

God be praised for the Sabbath!

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

"But there is a question which presents the true issue, and which these gentlemen attempt to disguise by their adroit way of catechizing. Let them answer it frankly and openly. *Do you prefer the abolition of slavery to the Union?* This question involves the whole difference between the conservative and the radical men of the day. Are you willing to save the Union and the Constitution with slavery and all the other constitutional possibilities intact? The anti-Union anti-slavery men, by declaring their desire to overthrow the constitutional defenses of slavery, fall back to the old ground of no Union with slaveholders."

We cut this from a paper that has never wavered in its fidelity to that construction of the Constitution which made it a charter of slavery.—Our reply to the question which is said to be a test, shall be very explicit:

1. We adhere to the Constitution and to the Union for the very reasons which the fathers gave for their formation: "We, the People of the United "States, in order to form a more perfect Union, es- "tablish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, pro- "vide for the common defense, promote the general "welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to our- "selves and our posterity, do ordain and establish "this Constitution for the United States."

Just so long as these grand common interests can be maintained and subserved through the Constitution, or by the Union, we shall maintain them, with all our might and at every hazard, even though, with such distinguishing benefits, there should also coexist incidental evils.

But, should a train of causes magnify an incidental evil into such proportion and power as, in the main, to defeat the very ends for which the Constitution was framed and the Union consummated, and to convert them to uses radically subversive of them, then we should not for a moment hesitate. A government is sacred only as the repository of order, justice, public good. Without these it is a curse.

2. Now to the case in hand. We have always, and now do, adhere to the Constitution and the Union, in spite of the protection given by it to slavery. First, because we have always believed that the authority of the Constitution had been forced, and that by *construction* of slavery-poisoned judges, it had been made to exert powers never given to it, for purposes abhorrent to its spirit; and we have firmly believed that this warping of the Constitution could be and would be remedied by a gradual change of public sentiment, in a manner more safe for the liberties of this continent than would be a violent rejection or breaking of the national covenant.

And, secondly, because we believed that the ascendency of slavery was itself temporary and accidental; and its threats and violence in national affairs, though extremely dangerous, and to be firmly and adequately resisted, yet to be dangerous chiefly as the insanity of a sick man is at one stage of a disorder, which was likely to run through a regular period and climax and then abate, and be ejected from the system wholly. We have always held and believed that the Constitution of the United States was an instrument of liberty and justice—made so by principles inwrought upon it, and diffused throughout its very organic life. No construction adverse to this spirit could long keep hold upon it. Like a graft upon an uncongenial stock, its very growth would detach it, and it would blow out. Our faith has been justified by the event. The leaders of the Southern rebellion declare that the Constitution of the United States is unfavorable in its influence upon slavery. Although we would not that even for one generation, or one day, it should work evil to liberty, yet we regard this matchless document as having a historic period, and it is to be judged by its tendencies and powers during that whole period; and we do not hesitate to say that, so regarded, it *carries liberty with it*, and even where slavery exists, in the end will overthrow it.

3. We are seeking to restore the South to the Union, and to restore among the misguided citizens of the South the authority of the Constitution, not for the sake of re-establishing and confirming to them the waning system of slavery, but with the full conviction that the Union and the Constitution, administered in the faith and spirit of its founders, will lead to the extinction of slavery. The perversion of the Constitution by Southern jurists and statesmen has aided slavery. The restoration of the Constitution to the grounds and doctrines of its framers, will waste slavery.

Having held fast to the Constitution when seven devils had entered into it, and it was, like the men among tombs, cutting itself, we are not going to abandon it now that, at the voice of God, it has cast out the devils, and in its right mind is sitting at the feet of Liberty!

When asked, "*Do you prefer the abolition of slavery to the Union?*" we reply, "We prefer to maintain the Union as the speediest method of abolishing slavery."

The Government has passed into the hands of the loyal men of the Free States. Henceforth, all the patronage, the honors, the wealth, and the glory to be derived from that Government, will be employed, in so far as it can be done without violating covenants, to favor free labor, free men, free institutions, and to make slaves and servile institutions *seem* as bad as they really are.

REACTIONARY POSTAL SYSTEM.

On the Continent of Europe, the parties or interests which are opposed to the world's progress, and in favor of carrying all things back toward the standard of the Middle Ages, are called *Reactionaries*. It is time, in this country, to have done with such absurdities—especially in matters of Government, and, above all, in Postage. The Medievalists, among us, were the slaveholders; and since they have seceded, we ought to be able to go forward in the way of intelligent and successful reform. All we want is leaders. We are sorry to see that such leaders have not found the post of advantage in the Post-Office Committee of Congress.

It is evident, we think, that the House itself is rightly disposed on the subject. The overwhelming force with which they extinguished the franking privilege, pure and simple, is a token for good. Let them stop *there*, and there stand, until they get another opportunity to move again in the right direction. Let each House of Congress provide for itself for prepaying the postage on its own documents, out of its Contingent Fund. It all comes out of the same Treasury, whether it is paid for Congressional Expenses or paid for arrearages of the Post-Office. Either way the Government is neither richer nor poorer. One advantage of the new method will be, that the costs of circulating these documents will then be known, and thus the people, who have to pay the bills will be able to judge whether so many documents are worth the expense.

But it is evident that our Post-Office Committee are ambitious to effect other reforms. They hope to catch the rainbow, and find the pot of gold at its foot, by which the Post-Office may support itself. If that is their goal of success, we advise them to pause where they are. With the simple abolishment of the franking privilege, they are nearer their imaginary paradise than they can get again. The cost of the Post-Office arises from the mail routes, and not from what is carried in the mails. In 1859, the mail transportation cost above nine millions and a half, a million and a half above the whole receipts for postage. There are but few out of the whole number of mail routes which are made more expensive in consequence of the matter carried in the mails. The only way to bring the expenses within the income, so as to make the Post-Office support itself, is by cutting down the mail routes, and this they neither dare nor ought to do.

Our Committee in Congress, however, are bent upon trying also another expedient, and that is, by a bill now before the House, to prohibit the carrying of newspapers outside the mails. This is aimed at the daily newspapers of cities, especially of New York. About thirty millions in a year of these papers are sent from this city, through the expresses, in bundles to news-agents in the towns and villages reached by railroads, where they are either sold or distributed to subscribers. If all these papers could be forced into the mails, they would yield about $150,000 toward the six or eight millions that the Post-Office falls short of self-support. But the real effect would be simply a suppression of that amount of intelligence circulated among the people. Putting out the light-houses on the coast were a venial sin in the comparison.

We must be pardoned for our greenness in having supposed that this game of fighting the expresses for the benefit of the Post-Office had been played out seventeen years ago, by Mr. Merrick of Maryland and Postmaster-General Wickliffe, in the last days of President Tyler. The struggle continued a whole year, and at length the *coup de grace* was prepared, in the shape of a bill of pains and penalties reported by Mr. Merrick, who was chairman of the Post-Office Committee in the Senate. He was a man of very narrow vision and great self-esteem, a country physician and tobacco-planter, we believe, in one of the slave-breeding counties of the Eastern Shore, and he set himself to his work of putting down the troublesome expresses with all the majesty of Don Quixote. But there were men then in the Senate who would not see the Post-Office made a nuisance in the vain attempt to make it support itself. Mr. Benton moved and carried the striking out of one penal clause, Mr. Woodbury another, Mr. Huntington another, Mr. Niles another; and at length Mr. Simmons of Rhode Island, (about the sole survivor of that Senate, and now, luckily, again a Senator,) moved that all single letters be charged five cents postage, irrespective of distance, and that was carried. Poor Merrick looked at his bill, all mutilated and disjointed, but yet it was his bill, and he voted for it with all its essential features changed. Our kind and respectful regards for Mr. Colfax make us still hopeful that he will be wise enough to escape the postal honors which hang around the memory of Merrick.

There is one other resource to help the Post-Office, which, we are confident, could be made effectual with the aid of time. But to this end it will be indispensably necessary to lay aside all quackeries, and all the expedients of impatience, childishly eager to be strong before strength has time to grow. And the idea of making the Post-Office support itself by the means of increased exactions and restrictions, must be abandoned. *He that saveth his life shall lose it.* The more the Post-Office tries to support itself, the more it can't do it. We must fall back upon the elementary idea of the Post-Office, as a Governmental provision for the benefit of the people, and endeavor to perfect the system according to that idea, and having done that, take whatever comes of it toward meeting the cost.

Then we shall find that *he that will lose his life shall save it*, because the Post-Office will become useful in so many ways, and will give such facilities and helps to every other interest, and will become so popular, that everybody will love to help it along, and will write and send all the letters, and circulate all the newspapers, that the ability and wants of the people will allow; and thus, in time, the income of the Post-Office will become not only self-supporting but a source of revenue, like that of England, which, at two cents per letter, has yielded the last year a net income of three and a half millions sterling, equal to more than seventeen millions of dollars.

Enterprising.—*The Christian Intelligencer* is not to be outdone by any of its contemporaries in procuring the earliest news. In its last issue we find the following:

Pastoral Change.—It is said that Rev. R. M. Hatfield, now of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a writer for *The Independent*, is to assume the pastorate duties, in part, of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church. The editorial labors of the latter gentleman are so onerous that he intends only to preach in the evening, while Mr. Hatfield will officiate at the morning service.

Brother Porter does not really believe that we should let an Arminian into our desk? No, it is not Mr. Hatfield, but Archbishop Hughes, that is to be settled as colleague. At any rate, he is as likely to be just now as anybody else!

Is this forging and uttering of baseless stories a part of the duty of newspapers? Ought not the man chiefly concerned to have some warning of the things which are to be done upon him? A little while ago all the papers had sent us to England, though we had not thought of going; now they settle a colleague upon us in a manner most surprising to all concerned and unconsulted.

We ask only fair play. When we are to go to Fort Lafayette, or to England, or Botany Bay, we should like notice long enough to pack our trunk.

COTTON IN THE FREE STATES.

The agitation about cotton has disclosed the surprising fact, that the best quality of cotton has long been raised in Southern Illinois. That region was settled mainly by emigrants from Virginia and North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee, and the settlers have retained many of the characteristics which they brought with them. One of these was a great and unfortunate disrelish for common schools and newspapers, and another was the habit of every family raising a patch of cotton, which they spun and wove, and thus clothed themselves in a homespun way. Twenty years ago this usage was almost universal; but the products of the spinning-jenny and the power-loom have at length pervaded this "Land of Egypt" so effectually that home-grown cotton and home-made jeans and linsey-woolseys have almost entirely disappeared, except in the most secluded districts, where they are still found. A sample of Illinois cotton, raised in 1861, was sent to England, where it was pronounced by Manchester judges better than New Orleans cotton. Mr. B. F. Johnson, in his annual report to the Illinois Agricultural Society, gives what appears to be very reliable information:

"As to frosts, there is little to fear from the first of May until the fifteenth of October. Frosts may and do come, but in nine cases out of ten the hygrometric condition of the atmosphere is such that on the open prairie, and in exposed situations, they rarely do any considerable damage. Cotton, of the kind grown on the Yazoo bottoms, in Mississippi, growing under the observation of the writer, in forty degrees north latitude, survived the hoar frost of the morning of the 5th of June, 1859, and in 1859 and in 1860 the matured plant did not succumb until after the 15th of October, and not until two weeks later in 1861. Cotton is not so impatient of frost as is generally believed. It needs a rich corn soil, very deep cultivation, and under such circumstances luxuriates under a fiery sun and a prolonged drought. In acclimating Southern seed, the plant should be pushed by deep, clean culture, and thinned out so that no more than two or three stalks will occupy a hill, which hills should be three and a half or four feet apart. About the first of September, from fifty to one hundred bolls will have developed on each stalk. At this time commence pinching in the terminal buds, so as to prevent any more bolls setting, and to throw the whole energies of the plant into perfecting the bolls already set. Should the weather continue warm and seasonable—that is, not very dry—the bolls will but few of them open till the first frost, when, at the touch of that power, they will burst over the whole field into a white cloud, like a pile of gunpowder at a spark of fire."

These views are confirmed by the testimony of sundry persons long conversant with the growth of cotton in Illinois, who agree that there is little danger from frost, that the crop is 1,000 to 1,600 lb. of seed cotton to the acre, and that it is a good paying crop at 10 cents per lb. Of course, only the black or upland seed is to be planted, and it is better to use seed grown in Illinois, or as near the same latitude as can be found. The rich soil, the use of the plow and the cultivator, and the deep tillage by the help of animal power, are all in favor of large crops. The great drawback is in the labor of picking the cotton, which hitherto is only done by hand. As the bolls ripen progressively, and those which are ripe require to be gathered while others are still growing, it has not been found practicable to contrive any machine to pick cotton which can be driven by horse power. This, and the high price of labor, with the reluctance of Northern women to engage in field work, will still limit the cotton crop of Illinois within a moderate figure. The great reliance for cotton, not only for a crop this year, but all other years, must be upon the industry of the negroes in the more genial climate of the South.

This shows the great importance of making immediate arrangements for the employment of the blacks of the South, who are left without control, in putting the lands which are left without owners to their utmost productiveness for the year 1862. And this is not to be effected by any crude system of compulsory labor, substituting a drill sergeant for an overseer, but by a wise arrangement of motives calculated to stimulate industry to its highest pitch and greatest skill by holding out the best encouragement and the most liberal reward. It is not to be expected that there can be devised any scheme of *compulsory* labor, call it "apprenticeship" or what you will, that can be made as productive as that called American slavery. If we are to compete with slavery in growing cotton for Europe, it must be by free labor, aided by all the best implements and contrivances, and stimulated to the utmost possible energy by the hopes of personal advantage, and of permanent benefit to the laborer's children. Such labor knows no limited hours of toil, but works early and late, and shows power almost superhuman.

It is safe to predict that, if our Government shall undertake to raise cotton in the subjugated districts on any other basis than that of full justice and ample encouragement to the laborers, with the prospect of permanent homes in their own country and among their friends, they will fail miserably, and the failure will involve ruinous expense and sad mortification, with vast misery to the unhappy victims of the blunder. And we have seen no method proposed that seemed likely to be so completely successful as the one we suggested two weeks ago for Beaufort District. Let the valuable homesteads be sold at auction, with farms attached of one or two hundred acres. They will naturally fall into the hands of men able to manage affairs, and who can command some means for carrying them on to advantage with the labor which they will hire among their poor neighbors. This will furnish the requisite capital and contrivance, while the little free farms of forty acres which the laborers can make their own by three years' industry, will at once protect the working class against wrong, and encourage them to do their utmost. The simplicity of their habits and the mildness of the climate make their wants but few. The immediate introduction of schools, Bibles, and an honest Gospel, with the protection for all their rights guaranteed by the authority and the flag of the nation, would do the rest.

We long to see Port Royal and Beaufort District placed under the control of a military commander more anxious to do good to the friendly people who are there, than to please the traitors who have fled away because they could not endure the supremacy of the Stars and Stripes. We even dare to hope that, as the season presses on, and the exigency becomes urgent, one will be sent there who is capable of broad views and humane sentiments, with a holy courage to carry out the best measures both for the welfare of the people and the honor of the nation.

P.S.—Since the above was in type, we have had a call from Mr. Ellis, who is on his way to Washington to lay the following circular before the Government. It is a most extraordinary proposal, and is now wholly freed from the objectionable features of the original plan, which involved something like compulsion of labor. The company now rely solely on the ability of good wages and good usage to secure all the labor they require. We hope they will meet no delay or obstacle, and will be well rewarded for their enterprise.

Office of the Novelty Works,
Springfield, Vt., Jan. 21, 1862.

Hon. ——

Sir,—Believing that it is very impolitic for the Government to continue burdening itself at this time with the support of several thousand contraband negroes, in comparative idleness, when they might be employed very profitably to themselves, as well as to the Government, in cultivating the abandoned cotton fields near Port Royal, we wish to call your attention to the following estimate of the profit that could be made by employing five thousand of them in this manner. A promiscuous gang of five thousand negroes, including the old, young, and infirm, would equal in effective labor about three thousand able-bodied hands, and be capable of cultivating twenty thousand acres of cotton: provided no attention was paid to the cultivation of other crops, except the vegetables required for their own use. This land, with an average crop, would produce 300 pounds per acre, or six millions of pounds in the aggregate, of ginned cotton, which would be worth, under the most unfavorable circumstances, in New York market, 33 1-3 cents per pound, or two millions of dollars in the aggregate.

To produce this crop the following outlay would be required, viz.:

For 400 plow horses, at $100 each	$40,000
" 400 " harnesses, at $10 each	4,000
" 150 plows, at $7 each	1,050
" 100 seed planters, at $7 each	700
" 200 horse hoes or cultivators, at $5 each	1,000
" 50 farm wagons, at $70	3,500
" 50 cotton gins, at $150	7,500
" 8 combined lever presses, at $150 each	1,200
" 6 portable mills for grinding corn, at $200 each	1,200
" 1 sixty-horse steam-engine, for running the mills and gins	5,000
" 4,000 hand hoes, at 50 cents each	2,000
" baskets and sacks for picking	2,000
" 500,000 feet of lumber for store-houses and negro quarters, at $12 per M	6,000
" provisions for 5,000 negroes 12 months, exclusive of vegetables raised on the plantations, at $1 per week each	260,000
" salaries of 75 overseers and assistants, at $800 each	60,000
" salaries of 25 mechanics, at $800 each	20,000
" wages of 5,000 negroes, at $11 per month for able-bodied hands (equal to 3,000 such hands)	396,000
" 1,000 tuns of hay, at $18 per tun	18,000
" 73,000 bushels of oats, at 40 cents	29,200
" ropes and sacking for 15,000 bales of cotton	15,000
" freights and transportation	75,000
" incidental expenses	15,000
Total expenses	$903,350
Which deducted from the total value of the crop, viz.	$2,000,000
	963,350
Leaves a surplus of	$1,036,650
To which should be added the value of the teams, tools, and machinery on hand at the close of the year, worth at least	60,000
Leaving a net profit of	$1,096,650
Or, if the price of cotton should remain as at present through the coming year, and the crop sell for 60 cents per pound, it would be worth	$3,600,000
And pay a net profit of	2,696,650

Of the above estimated amount required for expenses, only $500,000 would be needed before a portion of the crop could be got into market, thus furnishing the means for the balance of the expenses as early as it would be required. To carry on this enterprise successfully, no delay can be permitted, as it would be necessary to have the plows on the ground and running by the 1st of March, and unless the crop is planted in season, it will be impossible to employ the negroes to advantage at any time during the remainder of the season, or to make any use of the lands. We are willing to manage and carry on this enterprise for the Government—giving good and sufficient sureties for the honest and faithful discharge of our duties—and receive 10 per cent. of the net profits in full compensation for our services; or we will, with their consent, carry it on ourselves, on our own account, paying the negroes the above-mentioned wages, and the Government $100,000 for the use of the land, and the protection afforded by the forces they have already stationed there.

Very respectfully yours,
Ellis, Britton & Eaton.

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

Not on the tented field,
O terror-fronted war!
Not on the battle-field,
Thy bleeding victims are.

Not where the stern resolve
Flashes from eye to eye,
As serried legions press
Forward, to do or die.

Not loud, where cannons roar,
And death-shots fall like rain;
In war's wild, stormy joy,
Unfeared, unfelt, the pain.

But in the lonely homes,
Where sorrow broods like death,
And fast the mother's sobs
Rise with each quick-drawn breath;—

As sick with pining pain
She moves from room to room,
Each dear familiar sight
Piercing her soul like doom;—

A coat upon the wall,
Some book he loved to read—
O cruel, cruel war!
Here! here thy victims bleed!

—His face unto the sky,
His feet unto the foe;
Shouts in his dying ear,
'Tis but a joy to go.

His mother sees in dreams,
Wild dreams, by day and night—
Ghastly and grim, the fierce
Red carnage of the fight.

To see that fair young brow
Crushed by the war-horse tread,
That dear and bleeding form
Stretched by the piled-up dead—

That dimmed eye, fainting, close—
And she may not be nigh!
'Tis mothers die—O God!
'Tis but we mothers die!

Pity us, Christ of Nain!
Listen unto our moan;
Pity us, Father God!
By thy surrendered Son.

Buffalo, Jan. 8th. S. H. B. S.

The Difference.—A complete Army List of the State of New York is now in press, comprising the General Staff of the State; Staff of the various Departments; an Alphabetical List of Field Officers; List of the Commissionod Officers of each Militia Regiment, arranged according to Seniority; List of the Commissioned Officers of each Volunteer Regiment, arranged according to Seniority; but we find no provision for the names of *privates!* Are men in the ranks of less value in New York than in Massachusetts?

In the Boston Almanac for 1862 are published the names not only of officers but of the *privates* of the Massachusetts Regiments, and also of Maine, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. This is not a mere accidental difference. Since the old colonial days Massachusetts has been noted for the value put upon her private men, her common people. And in deeming their names just as honorable for printing as the names of officers, the old New England feeling shows out!

Preaching-Tents for the Army.—A crowded meeting was held in Plymouth church, Brooklyn, on Sunday evening, at the call of the Young Men's Christian Association, to provide facilities for public religious services among the different regiments of the army. In the present inclement season, a congregation of soldiers cannot be gathered out of doors, but must have a large tent to meet in. Such tents, serving for portable, canvas meeting-houses, have been supplied to many regiments by the young men of Brooklyn. Pithy speeches in aid of such church-extension were made by one of Gen. Blenker's German chaplains, by Prof. Hitchcock of this city and Rev. Mr. Willets of Brooklyn, with a few closing remarks by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; after which a collection was taken which showed by the piling up of the plates that three or four good speeches go a good way toward making an audience good-natured and free-handed.

Mr. W. H. Burleigh, long known as a temperance lecturer and worker, has lectures on the war and other live topics, which he will deliver before lyceums and other meetings, if applied to at Brooklyn.

Revival in New Hampshire.—Rev. Corban Curtice, pastor of the Congregational church at Sanbornton Bridge, N. H., in a letter to a gentleman in this city, dated the 15th inst., says:

"This is the fifth week we have been holding meetings in this place. Glorious are the results. God is here indeed with power to save men. The community is aroused generally. The preaching has been a simple course of instruction by Rev. Norris Day, in the presentation of the great truths of the Gospel in a direct and pungent manner. There is a delightful spirit of prayer exhibited, and harmony in effort, among the people of God.

"A meeting of inquiry is held every evening, with an average attendance of one hundred. More than one hundred souls have, as we hope, been born of God. The work is delightfully still and very solemn—is daily spreading and deepening in the community at large."

WHERE IS OUR TRUST?

Why is this delay? all hearts are asking, and all hearts are fixed on General McClellan, or turned toward some favorite General on land or on the sea. Is not God perhaps giving us this pause that we may learn the lesson, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, in whom there is no help?" Are we not depending *too much* in the talents and energies of certain high officers, in the number and efficiency of our army, rather than trusting in the righteousness of our cause and in the protection and help of God? Have not the old watch-words of faith, "There is no king saved by the *multitude* of an host;" "There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few," given way before the infidel proverb, "Providence is always on the side of the heaviest battalions."

We as individual Christians have some time in our life been ready to yield in despair to an evil which seemed ready to overcome us, till God has encouraged us as he did Elisha when compassed about by a hostile force. He showed him the heavenly host that surrounded him, and gave him power to say to his trembling servant, "Fear not, for they that are with us, are more than they that be with them!"

Believing that God is on the side of justice and liberty and law, may we not most clearly have this faith now?

While financiers are calling in the money resources of the nation, and military leaders are collecting men, and all the new and wonderfully skillful appliances of war, let *us* who are Christians seek *our* unfailing source of help, "the God of hosts," "the God mighty in battle."

"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."

"Some trust in horses and some in chariots, but *we* will remember the name of the Lord our God."

From the Country.

The Anti-Slavery Standard of this city publishes an admirable letter from Mrs. Lydia Maria Child to Miss Harriet Martineau, on the threats of trouble between England and America. Miss Martineau, who has lately written several ungenerous letters on this country, and who can never forgive us because we tolerate the protective system, and do not think with her that a tariff is as bad as slavery, fairly laid herself open to the well-merited and well-administered criticisms which she receives from her Massachusetts reviewer. It is never safe, in any circumstances, to take the wrong side of an argument, but it becomes more than usually hazardous when Mrs. Child is to make the reply. Ask Gov. Wise for an opinion on this point!

In contrast with Miss Martineau's hostility, or rather savageness, (if we may be pardoned such a term when speaking of a woman,) we give the following truly noble words from a recent letter of Mrs. Mary Howitt:

"I wish, for my part, England were great enough and Christian enough not to *resent*, but to *bear*, what she considers an insult and an injury. If it be right for Christian men and women to be long-suffering and meek and patient, to be unresentful of injuries, to forgive as they would be forgiven, it must be the same for nations; therefore it seems to me that to be truly great, England should not and could not go to war, could not let loose all the miseries and horrors and atrocities of war upon any other nation, however great the offense, and least of all upon a nation so closely kindred to her own, which is bound to her by every tie of relationship in language and manners and religion."

Secretary of the American Board.—Rev. Jonathan Leavitt Jenkins, pastor for nearly seven years of the First Congregational church in Lowell, has resigned his pastorate to accept the position, twice tendered him, of District Secretary of the American Board of Missions at Boston. His district embraces Southern New England. A Lowell paper, in mentioning his resignation, says:

"The relations of Mr. Jenkins to the First church have always been pleasant, and nothing but a sense of duty would have led him to dissolve his connection with them to occupy another field of labor. We are assured that the church were never more united in their pastor, nor more prosperous, than at the present time. Mr. Jenkins will enter upon his duties at Boston the first of February."

An Episcopal clergyman of Virginia, Rev. Richard H. Wilmer, has been chosen Bishop of Alabama. He is a young man, who has grown up to some influence in a narrow circle chiefly as an opposer of Bishop Meade's Virginia church policy. *The Episcopal Recorder* of Philadelphia says:

"Should the Southern bishops proceed to consecrate Mr. Wilmer, as we presume will undoubtedly be the case, without consulting their Northern brethren, it will add another obstacle in the way of an ecclesiastical reconstruction. It is clear, however, that by canon law, though Mr. Wilmer's consecration will be *irregular*, it will be *valid*, if united in by three bishops."

Mortimer Thomson, who has been for several months among camps and on battle-fields as a correspondent of *The Tribune*, is now lecturing in rhyme on "The War and its Humors."

Frederick Douglass has been lecturing in Philadelphia on the War. We find his address, which is vigorous and masterly, reported at length in *The Christian Recorder* of that city. The editor (Bishop Paine) thus speaks of the orator:

"We saw, almost at a glance, that the Frederick Douglass before us was the Frederick Douglass of former days—and even more: his majestic bearing and dignity were not gone—the fire of his eye and the glow of his face were there—the power and influence of his voice, the cutting logic and lofty eloquence of other days, were not diminished. And to all these were added the depth and breadth of thought, and the candor of expression, which constant investigation and increasing years cannot fail to bring."

We have seen an account of some experiments in cotton-growing in California. Silk cotton has been raised in Tulare county, from Texas seed; grown on sandy soil, containing no alkali; planted in May and picked in September; stalks five feet high, and breaking down under the weight of the blooms; each stalk producing an average of one hundred and twenty-six bolls. It is thought that Tulare county might be made to supply the whole home consumption of cotton for the state.

George Thompson, the well-known advocate of the anti-slavery cause, has been addressing great audiences in England on the present state of American affairs. His speeches, as we find them reported in the English papers, exhibit an admirable precision of statement, in remarkable contrast with the prevailing misrepresentations of the English press. His explanations of the workings of our Government, of the relations of the Federal Executive to the states and the people, of the general tone of Northern sentiment both toward slavery and toward

England, are all exceedingly accurate, appreciative, and eloquent. We honor the courage of the man who thus calmly opposes himself to the excitements of a whole nation for the sake of doing justice to a country three thousand miles away.

THE HUTCHINSONS.—This family of vocalists, always welcome in this vicinity, will sing in the Brooklyn Tabernacle next Monday evening. Those who desire to hear music which has the true ring of freedom in it will of course be present.

Last Sabbath evening they were invited to be present in Dr. Bacon's church in New Haven, and sang the "Flag of Our Union," after a discourse by Rev. John S. C. Abbott to a Connecticut regiment stationed there.

THE editor of *The German Reformed Messenger* has been narrating his experience in the way of minister's perquisites. He says:

"In our experience we have married persons for 37½ cents; we have married on trust; and we have married for a counterfeit bill!"

We may soften our German friend's grievances by quoting the case of the minister who received as a wedding fee a salt codfish, which, when he had taken it home for his table, was chiefly eaten by the bride and groom, who called upon him at dinner!

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.—It is very natural, under the circumstances, that our friends, as usual at this season of the year, should be anxious to know the facts in regard to our prosperity. In answer to numerous inquiries, we cheerfully give the following. During the week ending on Saturday last, our Publisher received six hundred and seventy-one new subscribers. During the month, up to the same date, the total number received has been three thousand, one hundred and sixty-six—*all new names* not previously on our books. In consequence of the great stagnation of business, our advertising, although yet large compared with other weekly religious newspapers, has fallen off considerably. Our total cash receipts, however, have been much larger this month than ever before in January.

CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

I am under great obligations to your printers for their skill in deciphering the bad manuscript I send to your office. But I am made to say in last week's article, on "Bearing One Another's Burdens," that we are to "*tolerate* the sins of our friends, etc." I wrote "*lay to heart* the sins of our friends," which I decidedly prefer to the rendering of your compositor. R. M. HATFIELD.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FLORENCE, Dec. 30, 1861.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

After the somewhat stormy debates at the opening of the Parliament, we have now a lull in the political atmosphere. Beside the usual break occasioned by the holidays, there is a general attitude of expectation, in which everything waits for the decision of the greater question of war or peace between England and America. Should war unfortunately break out, new complications would result from it through the whole of Europe. It was confidently expected here four weeks ago that war with Austria for Venice would be commenced in the spring, and we still hear the cry for Garibaldi and the volunteers; but there is a more general disposition now to wait till Austria is more severely pressed on the side of Hungary, and till death assists at the Vatican the solution of the Roman question. The price, too, of foreign intervention must be paid in a large amount of foreign dependence.

It was hardly to be expected, however, that the trust reposed by the initiated few in the ultimate designs and action of the imperial ally would be fully shared by the uninitiated many, or that the "confidence" demanded by the ministry on the strength of private understanding would be yielded without violent opposition. Meanwhile these postponements keep alive the hopes of the reactionists; and the condition of things in Bologna, where a vigilance committee would find more excuse than in San Francisco some years ago, but where the citizens have not courage to take measures for their own protection, and the brigandage which has appeared even within the limits of Tuscany are suspected to be with the connivance of reactionary priests who would bring the Government into disrepute at the very outset.

I promised in my last to give you from Florence some account of the new life which is developing itself in Italy under the influence of free institutions. One must check, however, too sanguine expectations. The inertia of ages is not to be overcome in a day. The whole mass is far from being yet even in movement, and doubtless there will be much groping before the ultimate path is found. To a stranger, too, any judgment of life here is rendered difficult by the fact that many of its forms of expression, familiar to us, are yet to be created. The frequent popular assemblies, and, above all, the newspapers in which all questions, social, political, and religious, are freely discussed, enable even a visitor with us to become rapidly acquainted with the movements of thought and life among us. Here the former do not exist, and the latter contain only the most meager summaries of political news.

In Florence, which has always retained at least the forms of its ancient liberties, there are yet some striking contrasts between the old and the new order of things. Instead of the little gatherings held secretly in private rooms, and frequently changing their places of meeting to escape detection, three places for evangelical worship in Italian are open nearly every evening as well as on the Sabbath in the most frequented parts of the city, and usually crowded.

Father Gavazzi, too, has been holding his "conferences," as he terms them, here, several times a week for a month past—no longer in the inseparable cloak with the red cross upon the breast, in which we remember his appearance in New York some years ago, and which added so much to the dramatic effect of his fiery eloquence. He *needs*, too, like a colossal figure, to be placed upon a platform, and then one of those immense audiences to hold and sway at his will. Here he has been unable to obtain a room in which, by crowding the hall and around the side doors, more than three or four hundred could hear him at once—space quite too confined for his peculiar frame and lungs.

A near view is certainly not at first prepossessing. As if working himself free in the harness he moves at first uneasily within the narrow space which separates him from his auditors, puffing and snorting almost literally like a locomotive at starting, but once fairly under way, then begins the wonderful play of wit and sarcasm, mimicry and invective—disfigured at times by almost frenzied outbursts of passion, but at times adorned by passages of the highest eloquence which enchain his hearers to the end.

On the morning of the day announced for his closing conference last week, a prosecution for libel upon the Catholic Church was commenced against him, founded upon the text of the Tuscan Law, which on account of certain supposed excellencies in its penal code, has been retained in force here, but which authorizes such anomalies as a prosecution like this under a free government. Should it be carried to conviction, the penalty is five years' imprisonment; but it would doubtless be remitted from Turin, and lead soon to a revision of the code. In any case, persecution like this could only advance the truth. Public attention is for the most part, however, so engrossed by the political questions of Venice and Rome, that the fact that there is any religious question at all is resolutely ignored. But one has only to read attentively the debates of the Chambers at Turin to see how little, on the one hand, anybody really cares for the Papal Church or its head; and, on the other, with what mutual fear each for the other, but few dare to speak out their convictions. As in the story of the mischievous boy who brought the schoolmaster home to his mother, with the previous intimation to each that the other was deaf, and thus set both to shouting in each other's ears; these worthy deputies are shouting each to the other their fealty as good Catholics to the Pope, but they will soon find out that none of them are deaf.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 20, 1862.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

The institution of slavery is still the theme of discussion in Congress. In spite of all the advice given by the timid and hesitating in and out of Congress to let the subject alone, it cannot be let alone, but comes up every day in connection with some resolution or bill which affects slavery. Mr. Bingham of Ohio has made a very able legal argument in the House in favor of an emancipation measure by Congress which shall set every slave in the land free. Mr. Julian of Indiana occupied similar ground in a speech. On the other hand, Mr. Wadsworth of Kentucky followed these gentlemen in a pro-slavery speech, taking the position that if the Government should make the war the occasion to overthrow the institution of slavery, he would be against the Government and in favor of the rebellion. Two or three of the Kentucky delegation agree with Mr. Wadsworth, but the majority are with Mr. Mallory of that state, who declared a few days since that if slavery was incompatible with constitutional liberty and the Union, he would give it up. Mr. Wadsworth represents a district which has a large slave population. "If slavery is wrong," said he, "it should not be permitted to exist *anywhere*. But if it is right, as I contend it is, it is an outrage upon me and my constituents to attempt its overthrow through the present war."

It is expected that the Judiciary Committee of the House will report a bill in accordance with the principles laid down in the speech of its chairman, Mr. Bingham—a bill providing for the emancipation of all the slaves in the country. The Judiciary Committee of the Senate will not go so far as this, but will content itself with a bill confiscating the property of rebels, and freeing their slaves. After the financial measures which are now before the Ways and Means Committee of the House shall have been acted upon and passed by Congress, the question of slavery and rebel property will be considered. It is the general opinion here that the Senate bill will become a law, and that Congress will go no further at the present session than to free the slaves of rebels.

Mr. Lamon, the Marshal of the District of Columbia, was severely reprimanded by the House on Friday, and by several Senators the day previous. The Marshal, unfortunately, has seen fit to oppose Congress in its attempts to ferret out and mitigate, if not exterminate, the abuses connected with the City Jail. Quite a number of the members of Congress have recently visited the jail, and have reported upon the floor of Congress what they saw in it. The Marshal, two or three days since, issued an order to the jail-keeper to allow no person to enter the building without a pass. Senators were required to procure a line from Vice-President Hamlin, and Representatives to obtain a pass from Speaker Grow, before they could enter the jail. Yet the Marshal has been in the habit of coming upon the floor of the Senate and of the House in violation of the rules. He came into the House on Friday, and was ordered out of the Hall by the Speaker and Doorkeeper.

The programme reported in the newspapers as an arrangement between the Secretary of the Treasury and the Bank Committees is not likely to receive the assent of Congress. The Ways and Means Committee still incline to a large issue of Treasury notes—one or two hundred millions, and do not believe that the recent arrangement will satisfy the wants of the Treasury, or of the country. They are disposed, however, to wait a few weeks before finally deciding the question, and for the present will waive the hundred million bill, which was ready to be taken up for action in the House when the Bank Committees arrived here.

Senator James H. Lane, having won his case before the Senate, that body confirming his title to his seat as one of the Senators from Kansas, will in a few days resign the seat and go back to Kansas to command the famous Kansas Brigade. Those persons who profess to believe that Mr. Lincoln is a pro-slavery man will find it hard to reconcile the reappointment of Gen. Lane as Brigadier-General with their assertions respecting the President. Mr. Lincoln is fully aware that Gen. Lane is a bitter enemy of slavery, and that wherever he goes slavery will vanish out of sight, and with this knowledge sends him back to Kansas and the Missouri frontier to be the terror of rebels and the succor of persecuted slaves. More than this: within a day or two Gen. Lane informed not only the President, but Gen. McClellan, that he should drive slavery before him, and if possible destroy every rebel slaveholder unless he should lay down his arms and become a loyal subject. No objection was made to his plan of operations by either President or Commanding General. Slowly but surely the Administration is drifting into the right attitude toward slavery. Already our leading statesmen perceive that we can never have an enduring Union so long as slavery exists upon the continent, and that if slavery is to continue as a political power in the country separation is inevitable.

The news which comes from the South is encouraging, and men who have been discouraged begin to be hopeful and confident of the ability of the Government to overthrow the rebellion. The crisis is undoubtedly at hand. It is admitted on all hands that in three months the question will be decided. So certain is the Administration that this is the case, that foreign *diplomats* here have been urged not to judge the Government by the present aspects of the rebellion, but to wait quietly ninety days longer, and *then* report to their respective governments the condition of affairs this side of the Atlantic. If this is good advice for European *diplomats* and governments, it is equally good for the people of this country. D. W. B.

OUR WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

COMMERCIAL ITEMS—WAR NEWS—CHICAGO BIBLE SOCIETY—REV. W. W. PATTON'S DECENNIAL—VACANCIES—NEWS FROM CHURCHES IN ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN, IOWA, AND MICHIGAN.

CHICAGO, January 14, 1862.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

Since my last we have had all sorts of weather—snow for good sleighing, a thaw, a sleet glazing the ground, and now for a few days a cold snap, ranging from zero to 12° below, which, under a clear sky, our skaters of all ages and sexes are most briskly improving.

Notwithstanding the hard times, improvements in the way of building have amounted during the year past to $789,800, which is a decrease of not one-third on 1860. This gain has however been in a measure offset by 112 fires, consuming property to the amount of $122,000, on which there was an insurance of $80,000. Of these fires 38 are attributed to defective flues, and 27 to incendiarism. The city water-works and steam fire-engines have greatly diminished the annual damage from fires, notwithstanding the almost universal fact that builders are very sparing of brick and mortar about their chimneys. Nearly all our insurance companies are Eastern, among which there is great competition; and yet they draw large incomes both from their risks and from their 10 per cent. real estate securities in this city, which, by the way, are as safe as any investments in the country. In our population of 110,000 there were last year 2,069 deaths, (14 more than the year previous,) and this year opens with a railroad accident, in which several were severely injured, and one passenger, Judge W. T. Barrow of this city, lost his life. He had just taken his seat in a way-train, when he saw the Cincinnati express rushing toward them at full speed round the curve, and, in the act of escaping, he was caught between the trains, and his head, struck off as with a sword, was sent bounding and quivering over the frozen earth. Tolls received for 1861 on Illinois and Michigan Canal were $218,000, an increase of $21,000 on previous years. Engaged in commerce on our lakes the past season there were 67 side-wheel steamers, 219 propellers, 108 tugs, 94 barks, 75 brigs, 892 schooners, in all 1,495 vessels—which passed Detroit 20,520 times, showing one-third increase of activity over former year. In the 275 disasters which occurred on the lakes, 23 vessels were destroyed, but have been more than replaced by 59 new vessels. The Pacific telegraph, of which I wrote in my last, is completed to this city; and, of course, New York and San Francisco are now within speaking distance. The price per word ranges from $4 25 for 10 words, down to 18 cents for 500 words. The President's Message was telegraphed from Quincy to San Francisco at a cost of only $680. I am sorry to say that the average attendance on the churches of our city, which in 1860 was one in ten of our population, has considerably diminished. The Sunday issue of our newspapers is one among many causes. Another of these causes, I am happy to say, is in the way of being removed. Our market days for buying and selling live stock have hitherto been Saturday and Sunday, especially the latter. By mutual agreement of all the keepers of stock yards and of all the principal dealers, these days are changed to Thursday and Friday; and scales for weighing stock are not to be opened on the Sabbath. Among the hosts of your readers there are so many merchants and other intelligent *men* interested in the growth of the West, that with considerable care I have gleaned these facts, from which they can draw many important inferences.

Our city was greatly excited, and I may say exhilarated, last week by the report of a forward movement from St. Louis and Cairo; but it seems as yet to have been only a report. How thankful we ought to be that "Washington is safe," and that the rebels are kept from coming North to Chicago or New York by the 600,000 troops who bravely *stand their ground* all along the line from Fort Leavenworth to the Potomac! How much pleasanter it is for our soldiers to die in camp, soothed by the hand of loving companions, than to be shot in battle, even though they die ten times faster than in an engagement! Is it not glorious to die in the camps for one's country? There has been a split in the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce. The Union men have formed a new Board, and are to occupy the old hall. General Lane's appointment as Major-General, with thirty-five regiments for the Kansas military department, gives unbounded satisfaction. The people know that he means something, and will accomplish something.

The Chicago Bible Society recently held its twenty-first anniversary in this city. The report shows the gratuitous distribution of 774 Bibles and 11,199 Testaments, chiefly in the camps of soldiers and in the mission Sabbath-schools. Receipts, $3,820 48; expenditures the same, according to printed footing, but not the same if the items are correctly printed and correctly added. Income less than previous year. Two agents were employed. Rev. Mr. Pincher has applied himself thoroughly to the township societies, but still has felt the pinch of the hard times; and Mr. Wheeler has gone around among the churches, but failed to do as much as usual in his circuit. The report urging the duty of more efficient circulation of the Scriptures is excellent; but when we came to the sentence urging the duty of giving the Bible "to the soldier, that when in camp, and time hangs heavily on him, he may read of Moses and Joshua and David, who commanded the armies of Israel," we were wicked enough to think of the zigzag course by which Moses led the army for forty years which he never led into Canaan,—of David numbering the people, and bringing on a pestilence which destroyed almost as many as are likely to die in our camps,—and of our Joshuas blowing their ineffectual ram's horns around Southern Jerichos. The addresses of Rev. Messrs. Swazey, Eddy, Pratt, and Patton, were forcible and interesting. That of the last-named gentleman urging upon church-members the importance of studying as well as commending and circulating the Scriptures, was especially timely and practical, and worthy of more than the passing notice which my space allows. Rev. A. Lord of Elgin is the general agent for the Bible Society of this state.

From the decennial sermon of Rev. W. W. Patton, delivered Jan. 6, in the First Congregational church, I glean the following facts, which throw some light on the growth of the New Testament polity in this city. This church was formed in 1851, by a colony of 48 persons from the Third Presbyterian church. The majority of that church were, by the action of Presbytery, overruled in their efforts to disconnect it with slavery; and these 48, the most of whom had been Congregationalists, withdrew, and amid much controversy and odium, organized a new church after the primitive pattern. Since that time the membership has increased to 641, of whom 435 are now living members, and the congregation shows a proportional increase. With but few men of wealth, they have, during these years, (to say nothing of $60,000 for home expenses,) contributed $44,000 to strictly benevolent objects. The church has four Sabbath-schools, with 1,100 scholars and teachers, and a fifth school has recently grown into a church—the Union Park. This prosperity has been enjoyed while pastor and people have maintained an unwavering fidelity to their anti-slavery principles, and have made no bids for the support of worldly men, or so-called "conservative" professors of religion. In length of pastorate, Brother Patton stands among our pastors number four; (here my gleaning ends;) and if in ability and power as a man, a thinker, and a preacher, he does not stand among them number one, then I know not who does. The history of the ascendency which New-School Presbyterianism has acquired over Congregationalism in this city—which is exactly reversed in all the free states west of the lakes—would be curious and interesting, illustrative of the power of seemingly fortuitous circumstances in counteracting the influence of birth and education; for N.-S. Presbyterianism everywhere owes its strength to New England men, minds, and money.

With the advice and aid of a council, convened Jan. 7, 1862, in Concord, McLean co., Illinois, a Congregational church of 18 members was organized in that place; and by the same council, Brother D. Jerome Jones was examined and ordained to the Gospel ministry. Introductory Exercises, Rev. R. L. McCord; Sermon, Rev. J. A. Johnson; Ordaining Prayer, Rev. E. G. Smith; Charge, Rev. S. Penfield; Right Hand, Rev. J. J. A. T. Dixon; Benediction, by the Candidate, who acts as pastor of the church, Rev. J. A. Johnson, scribe of council, writes that the church promises to be self-supporting, but may receive some aid this year on account of building church-edifice, and that Brother Jones is a young man of more than usual ability, and occupies an unusually promising field.

Here comes a letter inquiring about vacancies! There are lots of them, but chiefly in the treasuries of the churches; and for every self-supporting pulpit there are a hundred applicants; and the most of them pulpits where you may have your head taken off at the first blow. Why, there are lots of little Western churches where the most learned of the Eastern D.D.s could get but a single hearing.

A letter from Racine, Wisconsin, brings good news concerning the Congregational church in that place. This church, which for nearly ten years labored under the incubus of debt; which for nearly three years has kept closed doors; which was mortgaged and liable to be sold at auction, is now entirely relieved, regathered, and revived; and all this, by the blessing of God, in the six months' labors of their present pastor, Rev. Lewis E. Matson, and this his first work in the ministry. Give us some more good news, brethren of Wisconsin! and not your bare notices that Madison District Convention meets at Black Earth on Tuesday, 7 o'clock P.M., Jan. 28; and that Beloit District Convention meets at Broadhead, Tuesday, 7 P.M., Feb. 11. Send along the news of the churches, and the reports of these conventions and associations after they are held.

On the 17th Nov. last, a new Congregational church was dedicated in Decorah, Iowa. The edifice is of brick, with a stone basement neatly finished, and will seat 300. Cost $4,000, with only $700 aid; a missionary church in a village only about eight years old. It has been three years in building. First year, lot purchased, graded, and paid for; the second, basement finished and paid for; and the third year the whole was finished and the last dollar paid just before the dedicatory prayer. God bless such brethren in building up the spiritual temple! On the 24th Nov. a frame church, small but pleasant and convenient, costing about $1,000, and seating 200, was dedicated in New Oregon, Howard co., Iowa. As this is the first house of worship erected in the entire county, the occasion was one of great interest. A crowded house on a most unpleasant day demonstrated this interest. This church, and to a great extent that at Decorah, have been built almost literally without money, the people having given materials and labor. But for the timely grant of the Congregational Union, which enabled them to purchase those articles which could be gained only by money, the church in New Oregon could not have been built. Five years ago Brother Windsor, the pastor, found in this place only two or three cabins; now he beholds a neat and thriving village of three or four hundred inhabitants, and this new village church next his own residence. At both these dedications the sermon was preached by Rev. J. Guernsey, agent of American Home Miss. Society.

In these times of general declension, it is refreshing to hear of a revival such as is now in progress in the Congregational church of Cassopolis, Michigan, where Rev. John T. Avery is assisting the pastor, Rev. Mr. Miles, in a protracted meeting. There is an Episcopal and a Methodist church in this village of about 1,000 inhabitants, and the members of these churches share in the good work. Many backslidden Christians have been reclaimed, and now doubts, fears, and despondency are displaced by hope, confidence, and courage. As yet about thirty hopeful conversions, and these among all classes, from the youth to the man of advancing years. Several new family altars have been erected, and striking changes have been wrought in the minds and plans of some prominent and influential men. This revival is the result, under God, of direct and wise Christian effort; and will not earnest and well-directed effort, even in these troublous times, build up the kingdom of God in every church, and is not the responsibility upon us?

Much news must be reserved for my next, a fortnight hence. Will not some Kansas brother write me of matters civil and religious there? I will not close without expressing the satisfaction which so many feel in the bold, outspoken tone of your last issue, on freedom and our national affairs. Give us some more of your columbiads.

Box 4,412, Chicago Post-Office. PURITAN.

RELIGION IN THE CAMP.

8TH REGIMENT CT. VOL., ANNAPOLIS, Jan. 3.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

The crowning hour on earth is when God meets with his people in answer to his promise, and blesses them. It was thus he met with his disciples on the day of Pentecost. This promise was fulfilled to us this evening, not in cloven tongues of fire, as on the Pentecost, but in the descent of the Holy Ghost into our hearts, moving us to speak of his love and mercy to us, as manifest in our own experience. This morning two of the soldiers came to me to know if I would appoint a meeting for religious conversation and experience. I did so with great pleasure. A large number gathered around the camp-fire this evening; the meeting was opened by one of the privates, and they began to talk of God's dealings with them; all restraint was removed, and heart after heart was emptied at the foot of the cross. My own soul was full, and as a soldier who stood beside me commenced weeping, the tears filled my eyes. Oh, the wisdom of God! Here are a few humble soldiers, whom the world looks upon as only ready for carnage and death; but God, the infinite, the eternal, the holy one, cares for and blesses us.

Hear a few of the testimonies. One says: Had it not been for these religious meetings in camp, I should have been a wanderer from Jesus. Another said, I adopt the words of Jephthah, (Judges xi. 35,) "For I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back." One poor fellow, in broken accents, said he had once been a Christian, and knew the peace and joy of Christian life; but now he was by the cold rivers of Babylon, and wished to return. One soldier remarked that our friends at home were praying for us, knowing that we were liable to sudden death upon the battle-field. They are praying, said he, that we may be prepared to die. Sentiments like these tell us that the soldier has not taken up the sword without counting the cost.

We are prayed for in the closet, at the family altar—are we remembered in the sanctuary?

J. J. W.

SCIENCE AND ART.

—An English steam-plow, John Fowler's, jr., was tried at Philadelphia in November. The engine stands one side of a field, and works a wire rope running to a pulley anchored on the other side, which rope draws a gang of four or six plows across and back. With two men and three boys, burning half a tun of coal, it will plow about ten acres in ten hours, at a price estimated (in England) at $1 50 for light land and $2 25 for heavy land, per acre; being respectively 50 cents and 75 cents less than the cost by horse power. The machine on the whole worked well, needing no stoppages to repair or raise steam.

—Coal oil has been found in Livingston county, Illinois, equal to that in Pennsylvania.

—J. H. Smith of Quincy, Ill., exhibited at the State Agricultural Society meeting a tun of sugar of his own making. He says he can make sugar at 5 cents a pound, and molasses at 25 cents a gallon, and make more per acre from cane than from corn.

—The coal mined the past year in Pennsylvania is about eight and a half million tuns, being a million less than was produced last year.

—Bisulphide of carbon has been used in England with great success and economy in purifying oils. The new process saves immense sums in extracting grease from wool, and oil from bones, seeds, etc.; ten and twenty per cent. more oil being produced.

—Some time ago, Messrs. Bunsen and Kirchhoff thought they had found out what the sun was made of, by discovering that certain substances when burning gave out rays of certain colors. But recently, it appears that these colors vary with the degree of heat where they are made, and as we cannot make any heat so hot as the sun's, we do not know yet what it is made of.

SPECIAL TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

EVERY subscriber to *The Independent* who, in renewing his subscription for another year, shall inclose the name of one or more new subscribers, (with the money,) will be allowed *One Dollar Each* for every new subscriber. Thus, $20 sent by any present subscriber will pay for eighteen new subscriptions, and will renew the subscription of the person sending this amount. Our old friends who, as the new year is now opening, are on the point of renewing their subscriptions, will find this offer exceedingly to their advantage. If any such are out of employment, they will find profitable occupation, in this way, by procuring subscribers to *The Independent*. Others, who are beyond the necessity of acting from this motive, may find a stimulus in aiding a newspaper whose sole aim is to aid the Good Cause.

We also offer to any old subscriber, as a premium, a copy of Webster's Abridged Dictionary, containing nearly five hundred pages, for the name of every new subscriber for one year, sent us with two dollars. The price of the Dictionary alone at the book-stores is $1 50. The book will be delivered at our office, or be sent by express, as desired.

NOTICES.

CHURCH OF THE PURITANS.—Rev. Dr. Cheever will deliver a Discourse next Sabbath evening in the Church of the Puritans, on the Guilt and Ruin of our Government and Country in attempting to save Slavery from Destruction. Services at half-past seven.

PLYMOUTH ROCK ASSOCIATION will hold its next meeting at 2 P.M. of Tuesday, Feb. 4, in West Farmington, Ohio.
Claridon, Jan. 14, 1862. E. D. TAYLOR, Scribe.

MARRIED.

WILKINSON—REED—In Grinnell, Iowa, Dec. 16, by Rev. J. A. Reed, Mr. Henry W. Wilkinson of Providence, R. I., to Miss Anne Reed, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

DIED.

POWERS—At Austerlitz, N. Y., on the 2d inst., very suddenly of apoplexy, Mrs. Sarah L. Powers, wife of Rev. P. O. Powers, and for nineteen years missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in Turkey.

DE FOREST—At Huntington, Ct., Jan. 9, 1862, of dropsy, Laura, wife of Dea. Ezra De Forest, aged 73 years 7 months and 9 days.

LAW—In Cheshire, Ct., January 2, William Law, in the 81st year of his age.

OAKLEY—Suddenly, at his residence in Washington avenue, Brooklyn, on Thursday, Jan. 16, Robert S. Oakley, in the 50th year of his age.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

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A GENTLEMAN WRITING FROM KING'S Brigade, Arlington House, says: "The measles have left our men [illegible] able for weeks to attend the reviews; and all night long, from one end of the camp to the other, one hears a continuous coughing. [illegible] number have been recently using the Pain-Killer, and some of the worst cases have been apparently cured by it in a few days. [illegible] a large spoonful of the Pain-Killer with about half a cupful of [illegible] uses, it makes the best cough-syrup I ever used."

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VOL. XVII. 1862.
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ASSETS, 1st Jan. 1862	1,521,208 06
LIABILITIES	55,090 43

ASSETS.

Cash, Balance in Bank	$124,434 14
Bonds and Mortgages, (being first lien on Real Estate, worth at least $1,715,000)	970,219 53
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand, (market value of securities, $153,523)	126,300 00
United States Stocks and Treasury Notes, (market value)	83,800 00
State Stocks, (market value)	35,661 00
Bank Stocks, (market value)	65,225 00
Brooklyn City Water Bonds, (market value)	9,650 00
Real Estate, No. 4 Wall street	99,000 00
Interest, due on 1st January, 1862, (of which $21,780 10 has since been received)	29,348 85
Balance in hands of Agents, and in course of transmission from Agents, on 1st January, (of which $21,980 90 has since been received)	57,186 88
Bills Receivable, (for Premiums on Inland Risks)	21,711 93
Other Property, Miscellaneous items	3,085 16
Premiums due and uncollected on Policies issued at Office	1,043 53
Total	$1,521,208 08

LIABILITIES.

Claims for Losses Outstanding on 1st January, 1862	$54,570 43
Due Stockholders on account

Family Reading.

COMMUNING WITH ONE'S SELF.

FANCY AND FACT.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Draw the shutters o'er the windows looking toward
the distant sea—
Looking eastward where the loved ones sit and talk,
to-day, of me.
Drop the curtains lest, far wandering, some faint
breath an entrance gain
Fraught with warmth and cheer, to waken all my
slumbering thoughts of pain.

Shut the door and drown the voices rising from the
halls below—
Christmas voices, loud and cheerful, speaking just the
words, I know,
They, the loved ones, say, this morning, wishing I
were there to hear:
No, no, do not lift the curtain, lest the vision come
too near.

Broad, bright valley, sloping southward, girt with
green pines reaching high,
And above, benignant mountains resting calm against
the sky.
From their ever-brooding shadows, sheltering shad-
dows still and dun,
Look the wide, warm homestead windows full upon
the noonday sun.

Ah, yes, open quick the shutters—push the curtain
folds aside:
But, alas, no stately mountains, no home windows
warm and wide;
But a sandy stretch of prairie, breathless, pallid,
patched with snow,
And a distant dreary woodland, 'gainst the horizon
lying low.

And the bleak sky, wild and windy, lowers upon the
moping plain,
Where a sullen mist is hanging, slowly gathering into
rain.
Were there ever any roses throbbing on the summer
air?
Are there sweeping hights of azure, life, and freedom
anywhere?

"Here's the Post." I start and wonder how I dared
to brood so long
O'er a petty selfish sorrow while the land is rife with
wrong:
While I read, half down the column, with its bloody
record filled,
"Brilliant victory in Kentucky! Only fifty Federals
killed."

Quick is all my childish grieving lost in an intenser
pain,
While I listen to the dripping of the drear December
rain:
Listen, thinking of the paling of the household fires
afar;
Writhing hearts that fate has conquered, clutching
madly at despair.

Think of all the weary ages since Christ came pro-
claiming peace:
Ask, will never come a respite? will the groanings
never cease?
Web of gold can any fingers from these tangled
threads prepare?
Shall we never, in our climbing, reach the realms of
freer air?

While my soul cries out in anguish, "Is there, then,
no Leader, Lord?"
Like an echo from the ages, fall the words of sweet
accord,
"Fear not: He who led your fathers through the desert
and the tide,
Leader is and Lord for ever; there is still no God be-
side."

Sometime, somewhere, dawns the morning. Hope and
Faith shall never fail,
While the words, for ever blessed, wander down
through war and wail,
"Peace: let not your hearts be troubled; light
shall out of darkness spring;
Weeping for a night endureth; joy the coming morn
shall bring."

He, without whom not a sparrow cleaves the wander-
ing waves of air,
Hears alike a nation's pleading and an infant's whis-
pered prayer:
Safe in His unfailing guidance each wide world, each
striving soul:
Tender He in blasting tempest, mindful when strong
billows roll.

Through all storm and strife and darkness runs God's
wise, unerring plan.
What is strength of proud oppressor, what is any bar
or ban
In the grand march of His purpose, molding sin and
hate and wrong
To the building of Christ's kingdom, beautiful, eter-
nal, strong?

So my soul the meaning gathers of my lowly little
life—
Of my meager mite of labor in the great world's mad-
dening strife.
And I take again my burden, heeding not the drip-
ping rain,
Strong to bear the dreary mocking of the ever pallid
plain.

Fade away the royal mountains, where the well-be-
loved, I know,
Reach to take me, while I answer, tearless, "It is
better so."
Better but to do this little, hearing in my soul the
cheer
Of a calm voice, "Lo, God's kingdom is within you—
seek it here."

SOMETHING ABOUT MONEY:

HOW MUCH AND HOW LITTLE WE HAVE OF IT.

"I WISH I could be more resigned to the will of Providence concerning money. *I want more.* Nothing short of affluence will satisfy me. There—there's a text for you. Write me a sermon, will you?"

Yes, my friend, I will.

Settle yourself at once in the firm persuasion that you have all the money that is good for you. More would be a positive injury. This does not so appear to our human judgment, but the decision of a divine Providence is not to be questioned. Our heavenly Father, who is more ready, we are assured, to confer benefits upon us than we are to give good gifts to our children, directs in this matter. He has pledged his word, which cannot fail, to withhold no good thing from us if we walk uprightly.

Now we know that money is a good thing. As we are situated in this world, having multiplied interests and necessities, which can be supplied only through the medium we call money,—this said article has come to be a wonderful convenience. But our Father knows that we have need of it, and he provides as much as we require. The silver and the gold are his. He does not resort to the various devices of trade or labor to procure it for us, as we are obliged to do to obtain it for our children. He has only to withdraw it from his exhaustless treasury and put it into our hands, or to turn the channels through which it flows, and over which he has universal and complete control, toward us, and instantly our purse is full. He gives without grudging and without upbraiding. All that we need, and no surplus, is his bestowal. We are very incompetent judges of our own necessities. Our imaginary wants are liable far to outnumber our real ones; in other words, our desires exceed our needs. He knows all about us, and the promise is, "My God shall supply *all your need* through the riches of his grace in Christ Jesus." It is a just and wise allotment: "He doeth *all* things well."

Moreover, this apportionment of money to each man is made to be *a trial*—a test of the disposition and purpose of the heart toward God. The *lack* of money is peculiarly as a trial of faith in God, and will work out, if we permit it, that childlike dependence upon him—that patience and hope and love, which he delights to recognize in his children. On the other hand, an abundance is calculated to prove our obedience and love to him, developing a humble, grateful, appreciative spirit toward the giver, and a due apprehension of our duty and privilege as the stewards of the Lord and the almoners of his bounty for his more destitute children. Thus, by the possession or non-possession of money—by wealth or poverty, we are tried, and he, our all-wise Father, Friend, and Master, knows which particular trial each of us needs.

How satisfied, therefore, how contented, how thankful should we be that this part of our affairs, so delicate and difficult for an erring and selfish mortal to arrange, is all arranged for us by One who sees clearly, loves tenderly, judges unselfishly, and never errs!

I know very well, my friend, what you want of money. It is not for your own selfish use, but that you may give comfort, relief, and gratification to others. You dislike to see suffering which a few dollars would heal, or perplexity which a little sum would dissipate. You would like to please those around you with many a gift and attention if you had the means. Your purpose is a generous one. Be sure the Lord sees it, and accepts the desire of your heart.

But look at this side of the matter, also, in the same spirit of submission to the will of our Father. Use every means he has placed at your disposal to promote the happiness and best good of our fellow-creatures, remembering that this is as far as he would have us go, even in labors of love. He abridges our pleasures, as he limits us in other respects, for our best good, and to lead us to more simple, childlike trust in him.

Let us be satisfied, then, with doing what we can, assured that this is all he requires, and that we are accountable no further.

We are frail, ignorant, blind creatures, at the very best, notwithstanding the good opinion we have of ourselves, and the confidence we feel in our own generous impulses and activities. How well it is for us that we are held in by divine wisdom, led by a divine hand, limited and controlled by an irresistible, though gentle and loving power.

This, then, is a fixed fact, that both you and I have money enough, and that our sphere of usefulness is as large as God thinks best for us. I will try to learn, as the apostle did, "in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Will you?

H. E. B.

ST. JOHN AND HIS KITTEN:

AN OLD CHURCH LEGEND.

BY MRS. H. C. CONANT.

ST. JOHN had traveled through many lands, and had converted multitudes to the Gospel. And everywhere he went he taught love to God, and pity and compassion for all his creatures. Once, as he was passing through a heathen country, he saw a cruel sight. A crowd of blind heathen were amusing themselves with the torments of a poor kitten, which they had fastened to a tree, as a mark for their arrows. St. John hastened into the midst of them, crying, "Stop this wicked sport! Know that all creatures have their share in nature as well as man. They came from God; each, in its way, reveals to us his face; and all shall one day return to their eternal source. Your own wise men have so taught, as well as we, who are the followers of Christ."

When they saw that he spoke reverently of their wise men, they gathered round him, and listened willingly to his words. He casts a joyful look to heaven, and gives free course to his speech. He tells them of the Word foretold by Plato, who has reconciled man to God; who, by his holy crimson blood, has quenched the flames of wrath; and to whom a second divine world has sprung from the Virgin's womb. The heathen, gazing on the countenance of John, behold it beaming with the pure light of heaven; and, falling on their faces, the whole great multitude receive baptism at his hands.

One only remains unbelieving. "Why dost thou not work a miracle?" he asks. "Let me see thee, like a prophet, awaken the dead; then I shall know that thou art a true messenger of God." The apostle stretches out his hand toward the poor animal, which lies dead against the tree, pierced by a hundred arrows, and with a touch restores its life and heals its wounds. Then the scoffer becomes a Christian, and cleaves to John as his disciple.

But now, wherever St. John goes, the kitten follows him. Night and day she stays close by his side, rubs herself fondly against him, leaps into his lap, and mews coaxingly for notice. The saint, well pleased, returns her caresses, strokes her arched back, and smiles to hear her contented purr. To him, embracing all things in his love, the love of no creature is worthless. Thus many a leisure moment is sported away with his dumb companion. This greatly afflicts the new disciple, and he chides the apostle roundly. "Master," he says, "the people count thee a saint, and yet thy mind cleaves to such childish things. It passes my thoughts how such a wise, thinking man, to whom is given the vision of heavenly glory, can stoop to befool himself with a stupid cat."

"My son," replies John, "what hast thou there in thy hand?"

"It is my bow," said the youth, "wherewith I slay the beasts of the forest in the chase, and the whizz of its string calls down the birds of the air."

"String thy bow," says John.

Quickly was the bow strung; but when the youth had gazed round, far and near, and perceived no beast or bird, he again slipped off the string.

"Wherefore do you that?" asks St. John.

"Because, master, it is necessary to success in the chase. The string soon grows weak when stretched, and the bow itself loses its spring. Should the hunter carry his bow always strung, it would fail him in time of need."

"Look you now, my son," says John, "the spirit of man is like the bow and string. Nature limits us on every side. Without sleep can nothing living live; without rest no soul can raise itself to heaven. All things subsist by the alternation of day and night, of light and darkness. The flowers which charm thee by day, at evening bend their heads to the earth. Yea, the sun which in the morning climbs the sky like a giant in his strength, sinks downward to the earth at night. So is it with the human spirit. The divine spark cannot be ever glowing; for whatever weds itself to the earthly, must be weakened in heavenly splendor. Therefore has God imaged his glory to us in a thousand forms, that we may rejoice in his works, and in love to his creatures, and then turn from them strengthened to the holy mystery of worship. He would not that in the Master we should forget the Master's works; since it is through his works we learn to know the Master. And he who learns them rightly, beholds his power in the kitten not less than in behemoth; he who seeks him only in the stars of heaven, shall never see the glory of his face."

JOHN BECKWIN'S DREAM.

ROUGH John Beckwin, a Mississippi ferryman, tied his boat to a post, and plodded, wet and weary, to his little house. Having thrown himself, with an oath, into a chair, he lighted his pipe, and puffed the smoke up the chimney, while he dried his feet at the fire.

Presently his little daughter came in, leading her younger brother, and walking to her mother, said, with a grieved expression, "Mother, little Bub swore; little Bub can't have any wings when he dies, to fly up to the good place. Poor little Bub!" and the little girl began to cry. But the boy looked up to his mother's face, and said, "But father swore too. Can't he have any wings when he dies?"

The mother did not answer, for she feared the stern man who sat smoking his pipe by the fire.

But the iron had entered John Beckwin's soul. That night he dreamed; and as he stood before his cottage, looking at the stars and the moon, there was a sound of a trumpet above, that made the world tremble, and presently an exceeding glory in the sky, and from the midst of the glory a voice calling to the judgment. And immediately the air was full of white souls, whose eyes turned upward with a steady gaze, while their hands were clasped over their breasts. And the voice called again: "Come, ye blessed." Then to the white souls were given wings full of stars and shining like silver, which flashed back the glory from above, as they calmly floated upward. While he stood wondering and terrified, he heard a sharp cry of pain at his side. There stood his little boy, with ragged and soil-stained coat, and hands stretched piteously up toward the flying host. "Oh, my father!" exclaimed he, "why did you teach me to do wrong? The dear Lord just now beckoned me to come, but I had no wings and no cloak of silver; and he looked grieved at me, and turned away. Oh, father! why did you teach me to do wrong?"

There was a sound as of thunder—a crash of the universe—and the old man found himself in a long train of souls, with heads bowed, and tears running from their eyes, walking down a black, iron-arched way, where he could look only before him, and see beyond the great train of weeping ones an open gate from which came fire. But he heeded them not, for behind him he heard the patter of little feet, and ever and anon, amid sobs and moans, the voice of a child, "Oh, father! why did you teach me to do wrong?"

John Beckwin awoke, and heard his little boy quietly breathing in the cot beside him. He never swore again.

A STRUGGLING HEART.

"BUT I am poor and sorrowful: let thy salvation, O God, set me up on high."—PSALMS lxxii. 29.

Your needs, O Psalmist, all are mine,
My base estate feels regal woe,
The steps down from your august throne
Lead to my level far below.
I cannot trust my best resolves,
They part like flax in sin's fierce flame;
My heart deceives me—when I call
No voice within it names God's name.
Sometimes I fain would rise and mount
Where light is, and the land of rest;
Then false paths lure me till I tire
And sink, content to be unblest,
And wildly reaching out hot hands,
Fill them straightway with noxious flowers,
And weave me garlands for my wine,
Seeming to cheat the lagging hours.
Vain are these tricks against remorse
Which cools the fever of my blood,
And thrusts me into deeper dark,
And further from the perfect good.
I hear your harp, O Royal Bard,
And I take courage—for its strings
Wail with your agony, and tell
By whose dear aid you rose again
When stumbling from your throne you fell.

New York. BETA.

NO PLACE FOR THE BOYS.

DOES it not seem as if in some houses there is actually no place for the boys? We do not mean the *little* boys—there is always room for them;—they are petted and caressed;—there is a place for them on papa's knee and at mamma's footstool, if not in her arms;—there are loving words, and many, often too many, indulgences. But the class we speak of now are the school-boys, great noisy, romping fellows, who tread on your dress, and upset your work-basket, and stand in your light, and whistle and drum and shout and ask questions and contradict.

So what is to be done with them? Do they not want to be loved and cherished now as dearly as they were in that well-remembered time, when *they* were the *little* ones, and were indulged, petted, and caressed. But they are so noisy, and they wear out the carpet with their thick boots, and it is so quiet when they are gone, say the tired mother and the fastidious sister and the nervous aunt; "anything for peace' sake," and so away go the boys to "loaf" on street corners, and listen to the profane and coarse language of wicked men, or to the unsafe ice, or to the railroad station, or the wharves, or the other common places of rendezvouth of those who have nothing to do or no place to stay.

But it is argued there are few boys who care to stay in the house after school, and it is better they should play in the open air—all of which is true. We argue for those dull days and stormy days and evenings, *all* evenings, in which they wish to stay in, or ought to be kept in, and in which *if* kept in they make themselves and everybody else uncomfortable. We protest against the usages of those homes where the mother is busy with her sewing or her baby, and the father is absorbed with the newspaper in the evening which he never reads aloud, and the boys must "sit still and not make a noise" or go immediately to bed. They hear the merry voices of other boys in the streets, and long to join them; home is a dull place; they will soon be a little older, and then, say they, "we *will* go out and see for ourselves what there is outside which we are forbidden to enjoy." We protest against the usages of those homes where the boys are driven out because their presence is unwelcome, and are scolded when they come in, or checked, hushed, and restrained at every outburst of merriment.

Mrs. Barton has four boys between the ages of seven and fourteen—active, merry, intelligent lads. Their father is in his store until late in the evening very often, and the boys are mostly under their mother's training. When they choose to play out after school they do so, but within certain limits; when they choose to stay in, they are made heartily welcome. There is no scolding about the thick boots making a noise or wearing out the carpet, for from their earliest days the law of the house, inexorable as the law of the Medes and Persians, has enforced the putting off of the boots and the putting on of the slippers when they come in. There is no grumbling or fault-finding about who shall do this, or that, or the other, for each has his "chores" to perform, and takes his turn week by week. There are books for those who choose to read, and games for those who choose to play—light and warmth and pleasant words, sympathy for all, and caresses for those who love caresses, and companionship and conversation for the elder ones who begin to be companionable and discuss the questions of the day. Who believes that the sons of such a family will be willingly enticed into haunts of wickedness, or easily alienated from the love of such a home?

Those mothers who live in the country and whose children range the woods and fields, and skate on the glittering pond, for whom the house is wide and there is room enough and to spare, can have little idea of the embarrassments of a family of medium or limited means, who are struggling to bring up a number of children in a narrow city house, and surrounded by city temptations. It is to these most especially that our attention is turned, and it is for the children of these that we would plead. If the worn, and weary, and anxious mother, as she looks at her little boys on the floor or at her knee, and sighs that she shall so soon be unable to keep them there, will only extend a little further on into their lives the self-denial she so heroically practices now, she will not lose her reward. If the sister who is shocked at the rudeness of her young brothers will but join sometimes in their games, listen to their stories, sympathize in their interests and pursuits, she will gain an influence over them which will enable her to win them into gentleness and nobleness—not suddenly or at once, but by degrees leading them up unconsciously into higher and holier paths.

If Mrs. Gray, who calls vacation *vexation*, and doesn't see what it is for, and who, when her children come in after school, exclaims, "There, go out and don't let me see one of you in here again till supper time," should consider for a moment that she is making home but a sleeping-place and eating-place for her children, and preparing the way for future mortification and sorrow, she would perhaps consider before it is too late. A remark of one of her children might enlighten her.

"Mother doesn't love us a bit. She loves Willie, though, because he's the baby."

"But she won't when he is as old as we are," says Charlie; "she'll drive him out then just as she does us."

Yet Mrs. Gray does love her children dearly. If any one doubts it, let him strike or injure one of them, or instead, let him look into the family sitting-room at eleven o'clock on a Saturday night, and see the tired form as she bends to the basket of stockings or folds neatly the mended garments, and brushes carefully the Sunday suits. So much for the body; but how with the impressible young hearts? She makes them learn the Sunday-school lessons, and gives them all a New Year's present of a Bible, and then turns them into the street. God pity the boys for whom there is no place in the house! If they escape contamination and vice, it is of his mercy who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice, and who called little children unto him and blessed them.

The parents may do well who carefully lay up money for their children, educate them at school, and set them up in business; but they do infinitely better who never suffer the love that warmed the cradle-side to grow cold, who lay aside their own comfort and convenience to make home attractive to their sons, and send them out to fight the battle of life, armed with the panoply of firm principles, and warmed and invigorated by the cherishing love whose vigils began at the cradle and will only end at the grave. H. W.

LAUS PATRIÆ CELESTIS.

TRANSLATION OF AN OLD LATIN POEM.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

The poem, a portion of which is here freely translated, is an elaborate and elegant production of the middle ages. It was written by Bernard, the Abbot of Clugni, who flourished in the XIIth century. It is, perhaps, the most beautiful of the many Latin hymns which have sprung from the abbeys of France. The favorite passages in our popular hymnology are those which give expression to what one of these old Latin poets has called "the heavenly home-sickness;" but they all seem passionless and cold by the side of these glowing hexameters. The original verses, uniting the leonine and tailed rhyme, with every line broken into three equal parts, present a meter so strange and difficult, that the poet in his dedicatory epistle declares that nothing but especial grace and inspiration could have enabled him to bring his great work to an end. The following lines, with which the subjoined translation commences, show the structure of the verse:

"Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur,
Non breve vivere, non breve plangere, retribuetur.
O retributio! stat brevis actio, vita perennis;
O retributio! cœlica mansio stat lue plenis,
Qui datur et quibus, æther egentibus et cruce dignis,
Sidera vermibus, optima sontibus, astra malignis."

The chief defect of the poem is its want of progress. It eddies round the subject, recurring again and again to illustrations and thoughts which before have been thoroughly treated and dismissed. The blemish has been obviated, as far as possible, in this free translation. But the hopeful, liberal, and humane theology which breathes through the whole poem, the spirit of which is indicated in the lines above quoted, has been rendered according to the obvious tone and inspiration of the poet. The whole work, entitled "De Contemptu Mundi," is of great length. That portion of which the translation is here given, can be found in French's Sacred Latin Poetry, in the Astor Library.

Life now so brief, in its joys and its tears,
Will find retribution in on-coming years;
O blest retribution! a moment of strife,
And time will be merged in perennial life;
O blest retribution! which dawns on our sight,
From thy full flowing glories, fair mansion of light!
Where the lowly will breathe in thy ether divine,
And thy stars on the sinful in whiteness will shine.
For here is the battle, but there the reward,
And refreshment and peace in the towers of the Lord,
Where, the mysteries solved and the glories expressed,
They'll for ever repose in their Sabbath of rest.
The Hebrew from Egypt will travel forth free,
And find in yon Canaan a long jubilee,
Will dwell in that mild and that luminous land,
With throngs of the ransomed of Israel's band;
And the faithful, now pilgrim, long torn by the thorns,
Will inherit a world which all beauty adorns,
And there, as they track its strange streams to their springs,
Will meet, face to face, with the King of all Kings.
Majesty, wisdom, and sanctified peace,
Shall rule in that realm where tumult shall cease,
And Leah and Rachel to Jacob shall bring
Their pitchers celestial fresh-filled from the spring,
And then, O our Zion, at peace and at rest,
He'll clasp in thy halls his beloved to his breast.
O country so dear! I behold thy blest flame,
And weep for the glories that hallow thy name,
A name whose sweet mention is unction and cure,
As pure to the soul as thy ether is pure.
Alone in thy beauty, O fairest of hights!
So jocund with laughter, so calm with delights,
Where laurel and cedar and hyssop for all,
Unite in gay garlands on thy jasper wall;
Where synods celestial, thy fabric, arise,
Adorned with the pearls and the gems of the skies;
But their onyx and topaz and jewels unpriced,
Are dimmed by the luster which circles their Christ.
O day without time, O sea without shore,
O sweet fountain flowing with wine evermore,
The waters of life come gushing alone,
From thy wells which are set in the pure living stone.
Fair bride! bedecked with the laurel's best flower,
And graced with the brightness of thy golden dower,
In necklace of lilies and garments of white,
Thy lips shall be pressed by the Prince in delight,
And canticles sweet shall be murmured along,
And love for thee breathed in conjubilant song.
O Zion so golden, O city so pure!
Thy beauty and brightness what heart can endure!
I know not, I know not, the joy and the light
Which from thy grand portals will burst on my sight,
And vanquished I falter to utter thy praise,
And conquered, exhausted, thy glories to raise.
Fair Zion! thy halls are resounding with song,
Full, full of the peans of earth's martyred throng,
Bright bands of the blessed, their Prince stands *between*,
And shineth the city with brightness serene.
There pastures are flowing in unfading spring,
And there is the throne of the Lamb and the King,
And there is the sound of the song and the feast,
And there are the saints in the robes of the priest,
And there in our Zion, in calm, holy seats,
A Leader in splendor his loved people meets.
When seen thou unfoldest, O city renowned,
To the eyes of the soul thy blessings profound,
But the light deep within me, the edge of the mind,
Alone while on earth thy blessings can find,
Still all hearts now burning with hope at thy gate,
Shall reach thy rewards and possess them by fate.
O mansion unseen, O Zion so dear,
For thee spreads the joy, for myself flows the tear,
For my flesh is of earth, and earthward must keep,
Far, far from the gladness I yearn for and weep.
O city eternal built safe on the shore,
Thy walls and thy turrets shine white evermore,
Long hallowed thy splendors, fair city of peace,
When time and its tumults then silent, shall cease.
I seek thee and cherish, I mourn and I long
For thy beauties which kindle yet baffle my song,
But not by my merits I ask for thy breath,
For by merit 'tis mine to perish in death;
Yet in hope will I walk along my lone way,
And demand thy rewards by night and by day
Unceasing will seek, though blindly I grope,
Thy rewards everlasting, in faith and in hope.
For my Father, the best, the holiest one,
Created in light his now sinful son,
In light he created, in light he sustains,
And in light yet will wash my sins and my pains;
And the fountain of David flows onward with me,
Still speeding and surging to its shoreless sea,
All-healing and cleaning wherever it laves,
And the vilest of earth shall be washed by its waves.

O. A. M.

WANTED—A SHADY-SIDE PARISH.

A MINISTERIAL EXPERIENCE.

MY DEAR INDEPENDENT:

I am in trouble. The ambition of my life is continually thwarted, and I am a disappointed man.

After I had finished my studies, and was ready to enter actively upon preaching, as a finishing-off preparation I took to reading ministerial experiences. I commenced with "Fox's Book of Martyrs," and ended with "Shady-Side." I had heard a great deal about the trials of a minister's life, and I wished to count the cost, and be prepared for them. My mind was very much stirred up by my reading. I resolved to emulate the self-denial of the Puritans. I determined to be a martyr. In selecting a parish, therefore, I resolved to get a shady-side parish if I could. I naturally turned my thoughts to the West. For, had not the trials of Western ministers been the theme of many a newspaper and periodical article, and many a moving appeal?

Providence favored my plan. In a manner entirely unexpected, my present parish applied to me to come and supply the pulpit. I did not know a single member of the church or citizen of the town. I eagerly embraced the opportunity. All the remonstrances of my Eastern friends, who painted in the most vivid colors the troubles and trials of a Western minister, only strengthened me in my determination. At length, satisfied they could not change my purpose, they affectionately warned me against venturing on the prairie, on which Highland is situated, without companions, for fear of Indians and buffaloes, and bade my wife and child good-by with a solemnity and tenderness which plainly indicated that they were never expected to return alive from the land of chills and fever.

I had always understood that at Western hotels there was nothing to eat but hog and hominy, and that all the guests occupied a common chamber. What, therefore, was my chagrin, in finding, when I arrived, that provision had already been made for me at a hotel, whose table, for excellence and variety, equaled that of any hotel in an Eastern city of the same size, and whose other accommodations were limited only by the scantiness of my purse! I encouraged myself, however, with the hope that this could not last long. I must soon seek out a boarding-house, and then there would be a change. It came. But alas for human hopes! One of the wealthiest members of my church opened his house to me, insisted upon my taking the best room, gave me another for my study, positively refused to take No! for an answer, and thus established us as part of his own family in one of the pleasantest houses in the city, one which for real comfort could not be anywhere surpassed. I was compelled to abandon all hope of domestic discomfort in despair. I did indeed entertain a little hope again, when after three or four months we went to housekeeping. But my house became at once a receiving depot for all the delicacies of fruit and vegetable from the gardens of my church-members, and I was compelled then to take refuge in another hope.

I had always understood that if a man preached plainly and practically about sins which prevailed in the community and in his congregation, he was sure to have trouble. I mixed therefore in society, and spent a great deal of time among my people. I learned the prevailing faults and follies, delineated them plainly, and denounced them strongly. Drinking is popular. I have therefore preached temperance. The slave has but few friends. I have therefore preached freedom. I found church-members relying on their professions and their creeds, and the world kept back by instances of lax morality. I declared that neither creed nor profession would save, and criticised the faults and inconsistencies of professing Christians as readily as those of others. Nobody got up and went out of church. No cross-grained deacon undertook to correct my theology. No self-constituted committee requested me to resign.

I had understood that a minister was, like government, a fair subject for overcharges. But everybody charges me less than regular prices, and the only times any contract with me has not been fully and literally carried out, was when I ordered an ingrain carpet and a Brussels was put down, and when I ordered my coal and never could get the bill.

I thought that a minister's salary was always behindhand. But mine is always paid a little before it is due.

One hope alone remained. To bear with patient resignation a donation party would be something. To a donation party, therefore, I looked as my last hope. But now Christmas week is over, (for my Christmas sun lingered in the heavens seven days,) and my last hope is turned into despair. I never can be a martyr in Highland. All the week long the fruits of Christmas have been dropping into my lap. Here they are: books for my library, silver both elegant and useful for my table, toys for my child, food for my larder—all given, alas! for my hopes of martyrdom, with no sounding of trumpet and no gathering of a crowd.

I am a disappointed man. My people do not appreciate my ambition. They will not let me be a martyr. I am resolved to make a change. Please, therefore, insert in your widely circulated and invaluable journal the following advertisement:

Wanted—By an enthusiastic young clergyman, a shady-side parish. None not offering first-rate opportunities for self-denial need apply. Address Rev. A. Monk, Highland, Indiana.

A WINTER NIGHT.

SWEEP, O winter winds, at will,
Downward from your northern shore,
Louder yet, and louder still;
We but mock your fiercest roar.
We have naught from thee to fear;—
Hope is crowned, and Love is here.
Love is here.

Be our old-time griefs forgot
In this season of delight;
And, O Care! we shall be "not,—
Not at home" to thee to-night.
We prolong our time of cheer;—
Hope is crowned, and Love is here.
Love is here.

For our ears shall sweeter chimes
Of this winter night be born,
Than the summer's sweetest rhymes,
Wafted o'er her waving corn,
Fuller than the spring of cheer;—
Hope is crowned, and Love is here.
Love is here.

VERNON.

Selections.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

THERE is a great deal said in these latter days about "affinities" in the marriage relation, and about congeniality and all that sort of a thing. But does not nature always work by contrasts? If there is an excess in one place, is there not sure to be a want in another? Extremes meet, and so they did when Tom Gray, the easiest man in town, paid his addresses to Kitty Logan, the young school-ma'am, who had agreed to take the village school in the township of Niles; where the big boys always turned the master out of doors on Christmas, or made him treat. Tom Gray had a rich father, a hard-working mother, and one proud sister, and could afford to be lazy. Mr. Gray, the elder, came West in very early times, located near the town of Niles, lived in a log-cabin ten years, shook himself out of joint with the ague, "wore it out," and never had it afterward. But a poor neighbor who had a large farm a mile from Mr. Gray could not wear it out; his wife died, his children suffered, he offered his farm very cheap, and Gray bought him out, promising to pay sometime.

A year or so afterward, discouraged with his crops, and the inability to pay for the new farm, he tried to persuade the former owner to take it back, which he refused to do—a lawsuit ensued, and the matter ended by poor Gray being obliged to keep the farm and pay the costs. Terrible was the blow, but he lived through it; and five years afterwards, when the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad passed through the same farm and set up a station-house exactly in the center, he found himself a rich man. He sold town lots at high figures, sent his son Tommy to Jacksonville to be educated, and his daughter Susan to Monticello. He dressed himself in broadcloth—wore kid gloves—accepted the nomination for the legislature, and unexpectedly found himself elected and making laws for his countrymen at the capitol of the Prairie state. So much in explanation.

Bob came home from Jacksonville with his sheep-skin properly tied with blue ribbons, dressed superbly, had the best "turn-out" in town, wore a tremendous pair of whiskers, and of course Kitty Logan felt flattered when he offered to see her home from church—or called after school to take her out riding. Miss Susan Gray took a little pains to find out that Kitty was distantly related to the Sumners and Lincolns of Mass. But somehow she did not learn the important fact that Kitty had worked at straw-braiding in the town of Foxboro' until she had earned money enough to educate herself.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," said Kitty, "and I know I can 'paddle my own canoe' out West, where they say nothing is wanting but the power to do and the will to put the power in motion."

So bidding her few friends good-by, for she was an orphan, she donned the prettiest little straw hat which her own pretty fingers had plaited, sewed, and pressed, and trimmed with neat drab ribbon with a blue edge, which corresponded exactly with her drab traveling dress and cape, and matched her blue eyes to a T. Thus she started for Illinois, where a friend of hers lived and had written to her she thought the school could be procured. She was a little home-sick when she arrived at Niles, and would have given one of the gold pieces hid away in that private pocket of hers for a look once more at the rough rocks and swampy hollows, overshadowed by thin evergreens, that surrounded her native home. She would have bounded with joy at the sound of the old factory bell that used to call the merry girls together for their long evening's toil. Still she did not say so, but put on a cheerful face—sought out the directors, and made her application. Mr. Smith, the chief man, looked as if the little blue-eyed minx, with her rosy lips, had insulted his dignity to come offering herself to teach a school in that neighborhood. But as she offered to teach for three dollars a month cheaper than the last incumbent, and wrote such a pretty hand, which they could read like print, and besides had such a "winning way," they agreed to hire her. To the astonishment of everybody, Christmas and New Year too went by, and the mistress, instead of being shut out or having to treat, was surprised to find herself treated, her desk loaded with presents; and even Jim Stokes, who had always been called the worst boy in town, had headed a surprise party in the evening and almost filled Miss Logan's little room, at Parson Brown's, with pledges of good-will.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," said Kitty. "I knew, Mr. Smith, I should not have any trouble with the big boys; they are just as good as need be."

"Of course they be," answered the blunt old farmer, who, by the revolution of railroads, had been brought almost into town. "I can almost wish I was a big boy myself, just to show you how good I could be."

Mr. Smith laughed, and Kitty tripped along to her task, carrying her little basket of dinner along with her.

Kitty's school-house was in the country, where the elder Mr. Gray still lived, having built himself a fine house, with the "modern improvements," although he did not know exactly what to do with it, nor his wife either. They still tried to get along as comfortably as possible, while Miss Susan enjoyed it exceedingly and kept the great double parlors full of company, which her worn and weary mother knew well how to cook for—if she did not know how to entertain. Good cooking is a great thing in a family. Well, Tommy—or, as we must now call him, "Mr. Thomas Gray, Counselor and Attorney-at-Law," fell deeply in love with Miss Kitty, and it is supposed she fell in love with him, and they were married—now we have really begun our tale, which we are not writing merely to tell a love story, as you see, but to illustrate a principle as well as relate a fact.

Mr. Thomas Gray opened his office in Niles, and supposed of course all the world would call upon him for council, and was for setting up in good style; but shrewd little Kitty insisted that a plain way was best. She did not desire any such display as had been made by some of their neighbors, who had grown suddenly rich. One day, as they were riding gayly by a miserable-looking hovel in the suburbs, with broken windows and doors off the hinges, a mud-hole near, and the pigs looking through the doors at a besotted man as if they sympathized with and had a fellow-feeling for him in his degradation, Mr. Thomas Gray said to his wife, "How would you like to live in such a place as that, my dear?" "Not at all, of course," was the reply. "There is no knowing what may happen," said he; "my friend there, Mary Bell, was three years ago to all appearance as well off as you are to-day; but her husband speculated high, lost, took to drink, and there she is."

"I can't help that," answered Kitty, "no drunkard can put me into such a place as that."

"Don't be too sure, deary," said Thomas Gray.

"Sure?" answered Kitty with spirit, "I am just so sure as this, there is not a man living whose fortunes I would follow down so low as that."

"What would you do, pray?—let us know the secret."

"One thing I would *not* do," answered the young matron promptly. "I would not be a drunkard's wife."

"How would you help yourself?"

"Where there's a will, there's a way," said Kitty, "but don't let us talk about that; surely I shall never have a drunken husband;" and with a deep shadow over her brow, that came like a presentiment of evil, the ride was continued in silence.

Two years went by, and Mr. Thomas Gray grew more and more easy. Bad bargains were made, speculations entered into, convivial companions drew him from Niles to the capital. His well-filled purse made him everywhere welcome. Kitty, good little soul, seeing things going a little out of the way, would persist in giving music lessons, and teaching the young girls of Niles to paint, and then fitted up a class of earnest boys in Latin for college—all in her own pretty cottage, adding dollar to dollar, like a wise little wife. Then in the long evenings, when her husband was with his club or down street, easy fellow that he was, her fingers grasped a good steel-pen, and many a pleasant tale went forth to the world, well paid for, through Eastern journals.

To make a long story short, the crash of '57 found Mr. Thomas Gray and his father, the elder, exactly under it, and down they went, so low that old Billy Fitch, the drayman, declared he could not find enough left of them to pay him for hauling the goods to the auction-room. Town lots, big houses, and all went, went together, and Mr. Gray, the elder, was found one morning, in October of '57, suspended from a beam in his own barn and the end of his wife's patent clothes-line, and on that eventful morning Thomas Gray, Jr., lay stretched his whole length upon the counter of a lager-beer saloon, if not drunk, so stupid "he didn't get home till morning."

The terrible suicide happened on the very morning when both families were leaving the great house to move into the very hovel which, two years before, Kitty had declared she could never be brought to live in. Three days before, her husband said to her with a thick tongue, "You've got to come to it, Kitty; after all, you see 'tain't always so easy to keep out of hovels."

Kitty made no reply, but with resolute will went on her way. When the funeral was over, she led the weary, heart-broken mother and wife and the proud, paralyzed daughter to their new shelter, and the now sobered husband followed.

But what a scene met their gaze! The hovel was a neat cottage, every window-pane in its place, the floors clean and bright, the pailings white-washed, the mud-hole gone, and the pleasant comforts of a humble home on every hand. Into it they walked, mute with astonishment, to find the favorite furniture, even to Susan's piano.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," said Kitty gravely. "I had anticipated trouble, and with the money I have been laying up for a few years, I have been able, by the kind assistance of my husband's partner, to secure this in my own name, and make it a comfortable home for your mother and sister; now it remains with you to say whether *I* shall be the wife of a *man*; the wife of a *drunkard* I will never be any longer than the law will compel me.

"I shall hold the deeds of this property in my hands. If you will, we can be happy here. My school is open for me, even from the *hovel:* our child must not live to see or know her father's shame. Forsake your drinking company, and I will be faithful to the end. If you go on as heretofore, I will take myself and infant beyond your reach."

She conquered, just as she did with the big boys. Thomas Gray has not been inside of a lager-beer saloon since that memorable day. Miss Susan is a wiser and a better woman than before the fall. The aged mother is only sorrowful that the dead man cannot return and see how happy cheerfulness and industry can make a family.

Kitty still works away—her blue eyes and golden hair, like the blue sky and spring sunshine, shedding light and joy all around her. She sometimes says quietly to Susan, that she shall teach young Thomas, the third, that important lesson which has been her own talisman through life: "*That where there's a will, there's a way.*"

THE HORSE-HAIR WORM.

A GENTLEMAN from Detroit had the kindness to send me one of those long threadlike worms (*Gordius*) found often in brooks, and called horse-hairs by the common people. When I first received it, it was coiled up in a close roll at the bottom of the bottle, filled

stitch, as it were, till the eggs were at last completely entangled as in an intricate net-work of coils. It seemed to me almost impossible that this care of offspring could be the result of any instinct of affection in a creature of so low an organization, and I again separated it from the eggs, and placed them at a greater distance, when the same action was repeated. On trying the experiment a third time, the bundle of eggs had become loosened, and a few of them dropped off singly into the water. The efforts which the animal then made to recover the missing ones, winding itself round and round them, but failing to bring them into the fold with the rest, because they were too small, and evaded all efforts to secure them, when once parted from the first little compact mass, convinced me that there was a definite purpose in its attempts, and that even a being so low in the scale of animal existence has some dim consciousness of a relation to its offspring. I afterwards unwound also the mass of eggs, which, when coiled up as I first saw it, made a roll of white substance about the size of a coffee-bean, and found that it consisted of a string of eggs, measuring more than twelve feet in length, the eggs being held together by some gelatinous substance that cemented them and prevented them from falling apart. Cutting this string across, and placing a small section under the microscope, I counted on one surface of such a cut from seventy to seventy-five eggs; and estimating the entire number of eggs according to the number contained on such a surface, I found that there were not less than eight millions of eggs in the whole string. The fertility of these lower animals is truly amazing, and is no doubt a provision of nature against the many chances of destruction to which these germs, so delicate and often microscopically small, must be exposed.—*Prof. Agassiz in The Atlantic.*

THE DYING SOLDIER.

"Bring me my knapsack," said a young soldier who lay sick in one of the hospitals at Washington. "Bring me my knapsack."

"What do you want of your knapsack?" inquired the head lady of the band of nurses.

"I want my knapsack," again said the dying young man.

His knapsack was brought to him, and as he took it, his eyes gleamed with pleasure, and his face was covered with a smile, as he brought out from it its hidden treasures.

"There," said he, "that is a Bible from my mother. And this—Washington's farewell address—is the gift of my father. And this"—his voice failed.

The nurse then looked down to see what was there, and beheld the face of a beautiful maiden.

"Now," said the dying young soldier, "I want you to put all these under my pillow."

She did as she was requested, and the young man laid him down upon them to die, requesting that they might be sent to his parents when he had gone. Calm and joyful was his death. The pure spirits of those long departed were beckoning him on. It was only going from night to endless day—from death to eternal and glorious life. Such was the young soldier's death.

BROTHERLY CHARITY.

By some rigid judges no doubt Peter, when he denied his Lord, would have been condemned as a coward and a hypocrite. Yet he was neither; and his Lord knew it, and *he* knew it too, by bitter-sweet experience, when he went out and wept bitterly. To sit by and hear some church-members, and some ministers too, go over the sins of their fellow-Christians, one would be led to conclude that no such being as a true follower of Christ is to be found. This want of faith in Christians is very apt to increase with age, and old and experienced ministers of the Gospel, with all their superior wisdom, are apt to fall victims to the evil. They have seen so much deception in the church! True enough; but have they not seen enough of the power of grace to more than balance all this?

We doubt very much whether the lives of the Christians in the apostles' day were any more exemplary than at the present day. The probability is they were less so. There was much eminent piety, but, along with it, much imperfection too, as any one may infer from the pastoral epistles. Yet the apostles called them *saints*. To speak of saints in —— or in —— nowadays, would provoke a smile doubtless in many a good minister, who has labored and toiled among Christians for scores of years. "Precious few saints will you find there," would perhaps be his response. Against this uncharitable judgment we protest. It is unscriptural, it is unsound, and it is sinful. To lack faith in the church and in Christians, is to lack faith in Christ himself. "But how can people be Christians who do such things?" Well, we reply, that may be hard for us to explain; but perhaps he whose followers they are, may see more and further into them than you and I. The material in the church is poor enough and bad enough, but out of this material the Lord is still making saints to glorify and praise him. According to the judgment of some Christians, Paul himself stood a very poor chance of getting to heaven; for they would have it he was an impostor. Yet he says it was a very little matter to him that he should be judged of men; he looked rather to the judgment of him who alone was his Master. "Charity thinketh no evil."—*German Reformed Messenger.*

A REBEL FUGITIVE ADVERTISEMENT.

One of the Beaufort negroes advertises his runaway master in the following clever travesty:

$500 Reward.—Rund away from me on the 7th of dis month, my massa Julian Rhett. Massa Rhett am five feet 'leven in high, big shoulders, brack hair, curly, shaggy whiskers, low forehead, an' dark face. He make big fuss when he go 'mong de gemmen, he talk very big, an' use do name ob de Lord all de time. Calls heself "Suddern gemmen," but I 'spose will try now to pass heself off as a black man or mulatter. Massa Rhett has a deep scar on his shoulder, from a fight, scratch 'cross de left eye, made by Dinah when he tried to whip her. He neber look people in de face. I more dan spec he will make track for Bergen kounty, in the furrin land of Jersey, whar I 'magin' he hab a few friends.

I will $400 for him if alive, an' $500 if anybody show dead. If he come back to his kind niggers without much truble, dis chile will receive him lubbingly. Sambo Rhett.

Beaufort, S. C.

THE CHURCH TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

Very interesting services have been held by the South Congregational church (Unitarian) in Boston, on occasion of the abandonment of their old meeting-house, which was dedicated in 1828, and the dedication of a new and costly house. The dedication sermon, by the pastor, Rev. E. E. Hale, closed as follows:

"That the house of God may be nearer to our homes; that we may more punctually and frequently attend God's worship; that we may better hear his Word, and may better sing his praise; that we may offer more generous welcome to the stranger and to the poor; that we may teach our children the better; that we may care the better for the sick and starving; that we may the better and oftener meet each other in social and sympathetic union; we have built this house. In such hope we have given it to God, with the hope that here our spirits may be more alive; that here from week to week more light and more truth may beam upon us from the infinite Word; and that here every stricken heart may receive its own answer as it offers its own prayer, we claim for it his name. May the blessings on the older house descend upon the new—even as the dews of Hermon rose beneath his rising sun, and passed over before the poet outcast's eyes, till he saw them descending upon the slopes of Zion—so may the Lord command for us his blessing, even life for ever more!"

What Makes Things Musical?—"Storms!" said the Sea. "In calm weather I lie still and sleep, or now and then say a few quiet words to the beaches I ripple on, or the boats which glide through my waters. But in the tempest you learn what my voice is, when all my slumbering powers awake, and I thunder through the caverns, and rush with all my battle-music on the rocks, whilst, between the grand artillery of my breakers, the wind peals its wild trumpet-blasts, and the waters rush back to my breast from the cliffs they have scaled, in torrents and cascades, like the voices of a thousand rivers. My music is battle-music. Storms make me musical," said the Sea.

In private watch your *thoughts*. In the family watch your *temper*. In company watch your *tongue*.

Anecdote of Robert Hall.—The Rev. Robert Hall, disgusted by the egotism and conceit of a preacher, who, with a mixture of self-complacency and impudence, challenged his admiration of a sermon, was provoked to say—

"Yes, there was one very fine passage of your discourse, sir."

"I am rejoiced to hear you say so; which was it?"

"Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit into the vestry."

A Sensible Remark.—Duval, the famous Austrian librarian, was once consulted upon a subject of which he was not wholly the master, by one of whose ignorance he was well aware. "I do not know," was his frank response. "Do not know!" answered the intruder, "the Emperor pays you for knowing." "The Emperor pays me for what I *know*," said Duval, "if he paid me for what I do *not* know, the whole treasury of his kingdom would not suffice."

There is a Gaelic proverb: "If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes."

THE GREAT FLOOD IN CALIFORNIA

SACRAMENTO UNDER WATER.

TEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS DESTROYED.

The Pacific coast has been visited lately by the most disastrous flood that has occurred since its settlement by white men. From Sacramento northward to the Columbia River, in California, Nevada territory, and Oregon, all the streams have risen to a great hight, flooded the valleys, inundated towns, swept away mills, dams, flumes, houses, fences, domestic animals, ruined fields, and done damage estimated at $10,000,000. All Sacramento City, save a small part of one street, part of Marysville, part of Santa Rosa, part of Auburn, part of Sonora, part of Nevada, and part of Napa, not to speak of less important towns, were under water.

The rainy season commenced on the 8th November, and for four weeks, with scarcely any intermission, the rain continued to fall, very gently in San Francisco, but in heavy showers in the interior. According to the statement of a Grass Valley paper, nine inches of rain fell there in 36 hours, on the 7th and 8th inst. Whether it is possible that so much rain could fall in 36 hours will not be here decided, but it is certain that the amount was great, for the next day the river-beds were full almost to the hilltops. The North Fork of the American River, at Auburn, rose 55 feet, and in many other mountain streams the rise was almost as great. On the 9th, the flood reached the low land of the Sacramento Valley.

Sacramento City was the chief sufferer. The city stands at the junction of the Sacramento and American Rivers, on the eastern bank of the former and the southern bank of the latter. The valley there is wide and flat. From the foot of the Sierra Nevada at Folsom, to the base of the coast range, near Fairfield, the plain is about 40 miles wide. The original site of the city was 16 feet above low-water mark, and the river rose 17 or 18 feet about nearly every year. A trapper who has spent more than a score of years in California says that he has frequently gone over the site of Sacramento in a boat; and in 1846, the water was seven feet deep for 60 days. The city was flooded in 1849, in 1850, in 1851, and twice in the winters of 1852 and '53. In the summer of the latter year, the business part of the city was raised four feet, by filling in the streets with dirt, and then a levee or bank of earth was built about the town. This levee is about two miles long on the bank of the American; is in some places 20 feet, and in others only about four feet, high. The raising of the streets and the building of the levee gave confidence to the people. They built houses and planted gardens for permanence; they made their town beautiful. But now all is desolate.

On the morning of the 9th of November the American River covered the whole country. The water ran against the levee, and then down to the railroad embankment, and unable to go further, it heaped itself up against these two barriers until it rose above the levee and began to pour in. Soon the soft earth gave way, and the vast body of water poured into the city and flooded every part of it except a small portion of Front street. *The levee, which had been built to protect the city, now was the cause of great injury; for instead of keeping the water out, it kept it in. The flood entered at the east, where the land is high, and if the levee had not been in the way the water would have run off without touching the business part of the city.* The Sacramento River was much lower; its flood had not had time to come down, so there was abundant room for the water of the American to spread out when it should reach the Sacramento River. But the levee dammed the water in, and it soon, on the southern levee, was ten feet higher inside than the level of the Sacramento River on the outside. In some places the water was fifteen feet deep, in others ten, in others three. *The greater part of the most fashionable houses had from three to six feet of water in the parlor.* In many of the houses the line of the flood is visible on the plastering in the second story. Dozens of wooden houses, some of them two stories high, were lifted up and carried off.

The destruction of property was terrible. The water came so rapidly that most people had not more than an hour's warning of the danger. Most persons living in two-story houses, carried their furniture and cooking utensils and provisions up stairs; those who lived in one-story houses ran for their lives. And when the water filled the city there were no boats. Men, women, and children had stayed in houses thinking there was no danger; and when the flood rose they could not get away. Some of these houses were carried off, and boats were sent after them to rescue the human freight.

All the firewood, most of the fences and sheds, all the poultry, cats, rats, and many of the cows and horses, were swept away. The flood at nine o'clock in the morning had filled the city—two hours later the chain-gang were at work on the southern levee, to cut it and let the water out. When the cut was made the rush of water was as fierce to get out as it had been to get in; and soon the water fell five or six feet, but still remained several feet deep over the greater part of the city during all that day. The water then fell gradually, until it reached its present stage, which is about on a level with the lower part of the city, and at that level it has stood for the last week—sometimes rising a little, sometimes falling.

As the American River fell, the Sacramento rose, and there was great fear that the place would again be submerged; but the danger for the present is past. The departure of the water showed a terrible devastation. The rich men had lost a large portion of their property—the poor had lost all.

Fences were gone, the gardens were ruined, the houses were unfit for habitation, thousands of persons were without clothing or provisions, all business and labor was broken up, there was no access to the interior, the railroad were broken and the stages were fastened up in the mountains.

Added to the losses and suffering of individuals, was the fear about the future of the city. What security could there be for a city subject to such overflow? How could people plant gardens, get fine furniture, and make elegant homes? And how should the city debt be paid? A debt of $1,800,000 on a city which had before the flood only $7,000,000 of taxable property among about 15,000 inhabitants! More than $1,000 to every inhabitant!—a debt equal to one-fourth of all the property! And then the damage of the flood—at least $2,000,000! The Sacramento people were desperate. Everybody was in despair. Repudiate! repudiate! was the universal cry. Even the newspapers advised repudiation; the Board of Supervisors—the Municipal Council—*passed the ordinance of repudiation unanimously.*

The Treasurer and Auditor of the city, however, had given large bonds that they would perform their official duties according to law, and thus set the repudiation ordinance at defiance. At the same time San Francisco stormed with indignation at the project of repudiation. It would be a blot upon the fame of the state. People abroad could not or would not understand that Sacramento was alone responsible. They would regard all Californians as repudiators, Was it for this that the whole people a few years since voted in favor of paying a debt incurred in violation of the Constitution? If Sacramento wished to repudiate, she must do it at her peril. The remainder of the state must show their disapproval of her conduct in every possible manner. She is now the capital of the state; but if she chose to dishonor us, she must be the capital no longer. Our papers spoke out manfully, and hinted more than they spoke. Their speaking, or perhaps more premature reflection, had its effect. The Treasurer and Auditor were even in danger—at least, so it was thought by some persons—on the day of their refusal. The next day leading citizens thanked them for their firmness, the idea of repudiation was generally abandoned, and a subscription was started to collect money for repairing the levees. About fifty thousand dollars have been subscribed, the work is now in progress, and Sacramento hopes to be herself again in a few weeks.

When it was known in San Francisco that hundreds of persons were left in Sacramento without food or clothing, a public meeting was called, $30,000 were collected in cash, and large quantities of plain provisions and substantial clothing were sent to the sufferers. The city of Stockton, which had no flood, collected $1,000; *and Marysville, to which $1,500 were sent, transmitted the money to Sacramento, saying their city would take care of its own sufferers.*

The following anecdotes have been published about the flood:

At one of our hotels, yesterday morning, a boarder called for mackerel for breakfast, with the remark: "I am darned sure they were not drowned by the flood, but I don't feel so certain about beef and pork." He had been around town considerably, and had seen so many drowned cattle and hogs lying around, that he concluded to be on the safe side.

"How high did the water get on your floor?" we inquired of a resident of one of the more favored localities of the city.

"Just high enough to take the starch out of my shirt collar," said he. But, as if anxious to maintain the good standing of real estate in his neighborhood, he added: "But then you know I am a very short man."

Some one was bantering citizen Caulfield about the magnificent waterscape which his ranch presented, to which he promptly responded: "I wouldn't give a copper for a man that couldn't have a lake of his own."

Several persons were drowned in Sacramento during the high water. State Senator Heacock saved his wife by carrying her on his back, he wading through water waist deep.

Foreign Miscellany.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH AND OF WAR.

The wish for *a Happy New Year* will, at this time, be given by many falteringly and with misgivings; by some with deeper feeling, and with a meaning more serious than usually attends the compliments of the season. The dark shadow of death, combined with the blackness of darkness of war, were cast upon the closing weeks of the departed year, and have projected their gloom into the new one. The land mourneth, or should mourn. In our festivals and social and family gatherings we have to rejoice with trembling. Thoughtless rejoicing now would too nearly resemble the mad riot of the desperate in a plague-smitten city, or the recklessness of poor sailors who have madly burst into the spirit-room while their ship was sinking. Yet we may, with truth and earnestness, interchange the wish for *a Happy New Year*, even amidst private and public calamities. With it not happiness. There are some who know, and many more might learn the truth, that "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." The first shock consequent upon the death of Prince Albert has passed away. The honored remains are consigned for a while to the chambers of the dead. The first shock has passed. Men, with hearts deeply stirred, do not exchange exclamations, all insufficient to express the feeling of the moment. Women, with all the tenderness of feminine nature welling over at the eyes, do not exclaim, "Oh the Queen! the poor Queen, what *will* she do?" But the hour of a more settled and sober sorrow has come. The illustrious dead has been lamented, and funeral orations have been uttered, from the pulpit and the press. There has been no need to remember the precept which forbids to speak ill of the dead. Posthumous praise, for once, has not been flattery. In this instance most just and eloquent is the epitaph:

"HIS WORKS DO FOLLOW HIM."

Not pyramids, not columnated temples, not conquered territories and enslaved peoples;—no! these monuments of regal pride and folly and crime are not his. With pure strong hand he sustained the arm which held the weighty scepter. With clear, calm understanding, and equable temper, he counseled and upheld, where the weight of an imperial crown might well have oppressed if it did not crush the wearer. A household in which purity and affection, religion and piety, prevailed, and that a royal household, presents a living temple, glorious beyond any that the wealth of pillaged nations could raise to a conqueror. Neither in formal legislative enactments, nor in regal decrees, is the monument of the deceased Prince Consort to be seen. His has been that great and rarely estimated power, the power of beneficial influence—of unconscious and undesigned influence, as well as the influence of act and will. Take the improved laborer's cottage, and take, apparently far remote from it, the Crystal Palace, its conception and objects—place between these the means and aids to higher education which the Prince originated and encouraged; consider these, and then some approach can be made to an estimate of what England owes to him, and of what has been lost to the Queen and to the nation. And it is this which is calculated to inspire a deep and serious feeling when the first sharp and surprising sorrow has passed away. But we cannot pursue this train of thought and illustration.

Doubtless it is a great blow for the nation. The purer the patriotism in the bosom of any Englishman, the more enlightened his views, the more religious his sentiments, the more distinct will be his apprehension that a great calamity has fallen upon Britain. We may, in the language of that surpassing, elevated, and soul-subduing Service for the Dead, even while we sorrow, give thanks for the Prince and the brother departed; and, amidst our grief and sympathy, rejoice "in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." He has gained. He is blessed. But what is the voice of the event to the nation? Are we, with some, to assume that the great Father of all never corrects his children? or that they need no correction? Are we, with some new theologians, to deny that there is a righteous Ruler of the Universe? Are we, indeed, to revert to the shallow philosophy of heathens, and of *Essays and Reviews*, which can see only a natural or material order of things and necessary procession of events? Are we to be of the blind who can see body without spirit, and not the inseparable linking of the spiritual with the natural? Have we no lesson to learn? Does, indeed, this great calamity mean nothing? Is there no leprosy in the church? Have we not, at this hour, doctors of civil law maintaining, in our ecclesiastical courts, the right of clergymen to absolve themselves from their own vows, and to be at once the apostles of skepticism and the paid ministers of the church? And is there not a mocking, scornful, proud, lying, and blood-thirsty legion entered into that other "church," the priesthood of literature, so-called? In the very presence, as it were, of our unburied dead, have not the worst passions of our nature been stimulated as by incarnate fiends? By misrepresentation and exaggeration, by defamation and falsehood in a thousand forms, the chief literary organ of the nation has, day by day, stimulated to hot and hasty and unreasoning revenge. With a settled and studied and cold malevolence, which we like not to call human, but which exemplifies all the satanic in man, *The Times* has breathed out threatenings and slaughter. It has sought to poison the very life-blood of the nation; it has striven to sink the national honor into eternal infamy, and to have the national courage branded with cowardice through all time. Have not *The Times* and its followers sought to identify the Government and nation with that *sum of all villainies*, slavery; and to "ally" the nation with conspirators, men-stealers, and the would-be founders of a slave empire? Have they not greedily seized occasion—have they not made occasion to do this? With a cowardice and criminality too great for a name, have they not striven to excite and hound on the nation? Yes: the cry has been, *Strike! Strike*, and do *not* hear; strike, and "kill, kill;" kill the man, our brother, who has fallen among thieves, and is struggling for honor, freedom, life! Strike with and for the rebel slaveholder; slander and strike your erring brother in his extremity, and call that the vindication of national honor, and a display of British energy and courage Strike, and do not hear. Write and speak of "*The American Campaign*," of "our enemies," and of "the war," as if you feared peace, and were of those who "delight in war," against whom inspired prayer stands written! Thus, as if indeed Satan were unbound, and had entered into the men of *The Times* and *The Saturday Review*—thus, even in the new widowhood of our honored and beloved Queen, have we had the suggestions of cold malevolence and studied wickedness, and war-shrieks, as of infernal spirits, the enemies of God and man, athirst for human blood.

Can intelligent, thoughtful, Christian patriots look on these things, and observe these concurrent events, without any reference to what they imply, and to what they should teach? Can any man do so without practical atheism? A bishop may talk eloquently, though crudely and without thinking, of national sins, and of a "judgment" upon the Queen for them. But there is a more excellent way: let us seek it; remembering that "judgments," so called, are often "blessings in disguise," and means of higher good to sufferers, and that such "judgments" are mercifully adapted to call a nation to repentance in trumpet tones, as at this hour, from the highest tower of the palace-fortress of this land.

Let, then, the earnest wish and fervent prayer of this New Year be, "God save and comfort our Queen, and give a repentant and chastened spirit to the nation!" "Scatter thou the people that delight in war."

"Blast their design, O God of Hosts!
Nor let thy people fall
Unpitied victims at false-honor's shrine."

—*Oxford, Eng., Miscellany.*

The Congregational Board and the American Crisis.—A very numerous Board was held on Tuesday evening last, when the subject of the American difficulty, and the danger of war, engaged the serious and anxious attention of the members. After full consideration, it was agreed that a memorial should be prepared, deprecating war.

The death of Mr. George Granville Vernon Harcourt, M.P., is announced. Mr. Harcourt was member for Oxfordshire, and although he had sat in the House of Commons for the long period of fifty-five years, he had only represented two places. He was first elected in 1806 for Lichfield, which he continued to represent until 1831, and from that period sat for Oxfordshire. At his death he had attained the advanced age of seventy-six years, and had consequently been chosen as a member of Parliament as soon as he became of legal age to occupy a seat in that assembly. So long and so uninterrupted a Parliamentary career no living member of the House of Commons has enjoyed. Mr. Harcourt was a member a short time even before the present venerable Premier entered the House. In his early years he was connected with Yorkshire by family associations, being the eldest son of Archbishop Harcourt, who held the see of York for nearly forty years, commencing in January, 1808. In politics, Mr. Harcourt was a Liberal Conservative, and, though never a prominent politician, was a man of highly cultivated mind. He was twice married. His second wife, the fashionable Frances, Countess (Dowager) of Waldegrave, survives him.

Houses for the Working-classes.—The Committee of the Building Association, Scotland, for providing the working-classes with improved accommodation, have given up the intention of proceeding with that scheme, in consequence of the very limited number of subscribers who have come forward to take shares.

William Cruikshank, a person residing in Portobello, has been fined £2,200 for keeping a private "still."

Rev. H. Holloway, recently convicted of thefts at railway stations, has died in prison, of fever.

OFFICIAL.

LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES

PASSED AT THE SECOND SESSION OF THE THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

[Public—No. 6.]

AN ACT making appropriations for the payment of invalid and other pensions of the United States for the year ending the thirtieth of June, eighteen hundred and sixty-three.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the following sums be and the same are hereby appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the payment of pensions for the year ending the thirtieth of June, eighteen hundred and sixty-three:

For invalid pensions under various acts, six hundred and forty thousand dollars.

For pensions under acts of eighteenth March, eighteen hundred and eighteen, fifteenth May, eighteen hundred and twenty-eighth, and seventh June, eighteen hundred and thirty-two, twenty-five thousand dollars.

For pensions to widows of those who served in the Revolutionary war, under the third section of the act of fourth July, eighteen hundred and thirty-six, the acts of seventh July, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, third March, eighteen hundred and forty-three, seventeenth June, eighteen hundred and forty-four, second February and twenty-ninth July, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, and second section act of third February, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, two hundred thousand dollars.

For pensions to widows and orphans, under first section act fourth July, eighteen hundred and thirty-six, act of twenty-first July, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, first section act of third February, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, and act third June, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, three hundred and forty thousand dollars.

For navy invalid pensions, forty-five thousand dollars.

For navy pensions to widows and orphans, under act of eleventh August, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, two hundred thousand dollars.

For privateer invalid pensions, six hundred dollars: *Provided*, That no pension shall be paid under this act to any person who has been engaged in the present rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who has in any way given aid and comfort to those engaged in the rebellion.

Approved, January 8, 1862.

[Public Resolution—No. 2.]

JOINT RESOLUTION explanatory of an act entitled "An Act to increase the duties on tea, coffee, and sugar," approved twenty-fourth of December, eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Treasury be and is hereby authorized and directed to permit goods warehoused at the date of the passage of "An act to increase the duties on tea, coffee, and sugar," approved December twenty-fourth, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, to be withdrawn on payment of the duties imposed by the act entitled "An act to provide an increased revenue from imports, to pay interest on the public debt, and for other purposes," approved August fifth, eighteen hundred and sixty-one; and to refund any excess of duties above those imposed by said last-mentioned act, which may have been collected on such goods already withdrawn, any laws or parts of laws to the contrary notwithstanding.

Approved, January 11, 1862.

[Public Resolution—No. 3.]

JOINT RESOLUTION authorizing Henry Sawyer to accept a medal.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That Henry Sawyer, consul to Surinam, be and he is hereby authorized to accept the medal recently transmitted to him by the King of Holland, for an act of humanity in an effort to save the life of a subject of that kingdom.

Approved, January 11, 1862.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

LARGE PREMIUMS.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Hitherto, we have never offered any one a premium for helping to extend the circulation of The Tribune. We have printed the cheapest newspaper, considering the outlay by which it is produced, that was ever issued in any country, selling it for little more than the cost of the white paper; have employed no agents to canvass for subscribers, and have allowed no compensation (beyond a copy of our paper) to any of the thousands of generous friends who have annually taken care that the number of copies of our several issues circulated in their respective neighborhoods should be at least maintained, and if possible increased. We have been sparing even of verbal thanks to those friends, but have none the less realized the fullness of our obligation for their earnest, unselfish, painstaking, persistent efforts.

We propose for the present season only—in view of the hardness of the times, and the fact that we are enabled to buy white paper somewhat cheaper than we have hitherto done, or can hope to do after the close of the War—to make some small acknowledgment—not so much a recompense as a slight testimonial—to those friends who shall see fit to exert themselves to obtain subscriptions (whether original or renewals) to our Weekly and Semi-Weekly editions. We do not know that we could offer anything of similar value more generally acceptable and useful than a Gold Pen of the best quality and finish. We propose, therefore, to forward to each person who, during the two months ensuing, shall send us subscriptions and payments for The Tribune, as follows:

WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

For $12, Ten Copies Weekly Tribune, and one copy free, addressed to each subscriber, and Pens or Pens and Cases to value of. Additions can be made at $1 20 each.	$1 00
For $10, Ten Copies Weekly Tribune, and one copy free, to one address, and Pens or Pens and Cases to value of. Additions can be made at $1 each.	1 00
For $20, Twenty Copies Weekly Tribune, and one copy free, to one address, and Pens or Pens and Cases to value of. Additions can be made at $1 each.	3 00
For $40, Forty Copies Weekly Tribune, to one address, and Pens or Pens and Cases to value of. Additions can be made at $1 each.	8 00
For $50, Fifty Copies Weekly Tribune, to one address, and Pens or Pens and Cases to value of. Additions can be made at $1 each.	10 00
For $80, Eighty Copies Weekly Tribune, to one address, and Pens or Pens and Cases to value of. Additions can be made at $1 each.	18 00
For $100, One Hundred Copies Weekly Tribune, to one address, and Pens or Pens and Cases to value of. Additions can be made at $1 each.	25 00

$1 20 each will be required in all cases where the Paper is to be addressed to each subscriber.

SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

For $11 25, Five Copies Semi-Weekly Tribune, and Pens or Pens and Cases to value of. Additions can be made at $2 25 each.	$2 00
For $20 00, Ten Copies Semi-Weekly Tribune, and one copy free, to one address, and Pens or Pens and Cases to value of. Additions can be made at $2 each.	4 00
For $40 00, Twenty Copies Semi-Weekly Tribune, to one address, and Pens or Pens and Cases to value of. Additions can be made at $2 each.	10 00
For $60 00, Thirty Copies Semi-Weekly Tribune, to one address, and Pens or Pens and Cases to value of. Additions can be made at $2 each.	17 00
For $100 00, Fifty Copies Semi-Weekly Tribune, to one address, and Pens or Pens and Cases to value of. Additions can be made at $2 each.	30 00

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THE BEST AND MOST DURABLE.

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Net Assets	$609,289 20

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RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, TROY, N. Y.—The Seventy-sixth semi-annual session of this Institution for instruction in the Mathematical, Physical, and Natural Sciences, will commence Feb. 19, 1862. A full course in Military Science is now in progress.

Further information, with the Annual Register, can be obtained of Prof. Charles Drowne, Director.

BROOKLYN JUVENILE HIGH SCHOOL, No. 189 Washington street, near Concord.—The Winter Term will commence on Monday, Nov. 18, 1861. This School was organized in May, 1854, and has been in successful operation since that period. It is especially designed for Boys under twelve years of age, and is preparatory to the Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute. Circulars containing references, terms, etc., may be obtained

General News.

THE WAR.

The general advance of the Northern armies proceeds with success. The important stroke of the week, and the first really important military advantage of the campaign, was in Kentucky, where a decisive and glorious victory was won on Saturday and Sunday, the 18th and 19th, by Gens. Schoepff and Thomas, over the forces of Zollicoffer. The rebel general had long held a strong position at Mill Spring, on the Upper Cumberland, in the southeast of Kentucky, and in front of and defending Cumberland Gap, the eastern gate to Tennessee and to the great inland railroad from the southwest to the rebel army in Virginia. The post also protected the right flank of the great central rebel fortified post of Bowling Green, being 100 miles east, and abreast of it. Zollicoffer, about 12,000 men, found that while Schoepff, 8,000 men, was to remain at Somerset, in front of him, ready to attack or defend, with 15,000 men, had marched in west of between him and Bowling Green, and that he was thus about to be surrounded and cut off. He therefore tried a Napoleonic manœuver, but not with Napoleonic success; he recrossed from his intrenchments, Saturday early, with the view of first beating Schoepff, and then turning against and beating Thomas, in detail; risking all on one throw. He failed; after a whole day's desperate fighting, Zollicoffer, Kimsell, and Bailie Peyton, son of the ex-Congressman of that name, were killed, and his army utterly routed. They fled to their intrenchments at Mill Spring; but when Thomas and Schoepff, having effected a junction, marched against them next day, the fortifications were empty, the discouraged rebels having evacuated them, and fled away across the Cumberland. We have routed and dispersed their army, and taken camp, transportation, ordnance, and stores; but what is far more important, have opened a wide road into the strong loyal mountain country of East Tennessee, have secured a ready means of seizing the main railroad artery of the rebellion, and hold a strategic position which breaks the enemy's center, turning both the position at Bowling Green and that at Manassas. If properly followed up, this single victory explodes into hopeless ruin the whole military structure of the rebel campaign, and we may now daily expect decisive news from Columbus and Bowling Green, the former taken in reverse by the ascent of the Tennessee from Cairo, and the latter both by that movement and by an advance from the east; while in front of them the river flotilla will engage the former, and Buell, with superior forces, the latter. The rebel army at Manassas may also at any moment flee in despair, or advance in despair; and already a report comes over the wires that they have disappeared toward the South.

The remaining news from Kentucky fully confirms the accounts of Garfield's brilliant victory over fat Humphrey Marshall; while, to the west of that department, Buell's vast preparations still rapidly proceed, and powerful reconnoissances in force, pushed almost within gunshot of Columbus, have gathered the information necessary before advancing on that post.

Such is the inspiriting news from the right center of our line of operations. In Missouri the authority of the Government is daily restored and consolidated. Lane's army increases at Fort Leavenworth, and he himself has departed thither to urge on his adventurous expedition through the back country. Indistinct and conflicting rumors only reach us from Southwest Missouri, where some movements have been made referring to Price and his force; but it is not yet clear what, nor have we authentic information whether the brave German, Sigel, has resigned.

The advance from Cairo, supposed to be the actual setting off of a great expedition down the Mississippi, turns out to have been only the reconnoissance in force already mentioned.

Along the lines on the Potomac nothing of importance has occurred; and in Western Virginia, to the south, at least, the rebels are so thoroughly cleared out that nothing more can occur just yet; and to the north nothing happens except a transfer of some forces, probably Jackson's, to Romney—a move of no importance. Yet McClellan is evidently preparing to spring at an hour's notice; for a stringent general order forbidding furloughs, recalling those on leave, and requiring all to be in readiness, has been issued.

From Fortress Monroe has come a perplexing succession of reports, from which can be gathered only the fact that preparations of importance are being made. The Burnside expedition is not yet heard from; but from Richmond to Savannah the whole rebel sea-board is agitated and terrified about it. Some guess that, after all, it has only gone to Port Royal, to add to our force there the strength which will enable them to advance instantly and occupy Savannah and Charleston.

The blockade still maintains its strangling hold upon the rebels, though an insignificant average of evasions of it continues. Gen. Butler's expedition at Ship Island begins to assume important proportions. Our ships have completely broken up the sea communication between Mobile and New Orleans, and news by overland from New Orleans indicates that the city is not very well defended, expects an attack, and is very much afraid of it.

Thus the whole of the war news for the week is of cautious, deliberate preparation, and cautious but promptly decisive and successful advance; the best possible news.

Meanwhile vast quantities of arms and military stores are pouring into the country from Germany; the spirit of the loyal people rises and lifts that of the Government; the Congressional investigating committees are rapidly toning up the pitch of patriotic sentiment in civilians and army officers; and a general opinion prevails that Stanton's accession to office will greatly invigorate and purify the conduct of the war. He is rearranging his department and his time on the most efficient principles.

Meanwhile one single characteristic achievement glorifies the war on the Southern side—viz., an invasion of Iowa by thirty Missouri horse-thieves, of whom a dozen entered the house of one Fugitt, were driven out once, but succeeded in shooting him, robbing the house, insulting his wife and children, stealing eleven horses, and retreating. They have no other victory to rejoice in; but the tone of all their papers, except for absurd efforts at self-encouragement, is gloomy and foreboding, and their news is of gathering Federal forces, of incompetent management and insufficient preparation at home. *The Richmond Examiner* vents ludicrous wrath at the number of Yankee generals, and civilians, and contractors who are running their rebellion for them, and threatens another secession—where to is hard to imagine. They call all sorts of hard names at the war, the stone blockade, and above all at the Unionists among themselves; insist that the war must not be closed unless Kentucky is given to the South, and say that *perhaps* after all they will have to advance and take the great Northern cities, and hang Lincoln and the Cabinet for "perjurously violating" the Constitution; (these pretty thoughts were uttered by ex-Gov. Foote in a speech at Nashville) They report enormous prices for all sorts of necessaries of life; are afraid of an attack in Mobile from the land side; speculate and scold at the Burnside expedition, and the escape of the Pensacola; and announce a total contribution to aid the sufferers by the Charleston fire of $152,000; in paper, too, doubtless, worth a cent and a half a pound. Gov. Letcher of Va., in a message of Jan. 6, with some Georgia resolutions, sums up a long list of pretended oppressions, which he attributes to President Lincoln, alone and personally, in a parody on Jefferson's list in the Declaration of Independence; and ends with an assertion that Virginia will never come back into the Union on any terms, so *very* stiff and positive, as to look very much as if she was on the point of doing that very thing.

It is said that the Sumter—that burning disgrace to our navy—has escaped across the sea to Cadiz; and that the Southern agents in Europe, more desperate than ever, are offering sovereignty, abolition, anything they can think desirable, to pay for breaking the blockade. Their agent, Helm, at Havana, has sent over a list of evasions of the blockade, which looks quite grand. But it is all in vain.

A good deal of scuffling is beginning between the allopathic and homeopathic army medical men, and petitions in favor of the latter are quite frequently presented to Congress.—Reports from New Mexico are that the Texan rebel force there, in danger of starvation, had advanced with the intention of attacking Col. Canby, but had fallen back without doing so.

CONGRESS.

Far the weightiest business before Congress is that of providing funds for the war; and in this nothing has been concluded, and there are signs of great perplexity and hesitation.

The House on the 15th, and the Senate on the 17th, passed a declaratory resolution, with the purpose of informing the country that at least their intentions are good; asserting that a direct tax shall be laid, sufficient to secure a total revenue of $150,000,000 a year. The secessionist Vallandigham tried to have even this postponed to a long way off, as he said for debate, but vainly. The maturing of the actual measures for raising money is very slowly proceeding, clogged by the narrow plans of the city bank men, the inexperience in finance of Secretary Chase, and the lack of any master of the subject in Congress. Yet the indications are that a sufficient tax will be laid; in which case it is of less (though great) importance whether or not demand notes are issued. There are advocates for issuing them without providing for their redemption; while A is as honest as drawing your check on a bank where you have no funds.

Various bills have passed one or both Houses closely related to this or of mutual measure, and intended to save money, or correct its use. Thus, Mr. Powell introduced into the Senate on the 14th, a resolution asking the War Department for a list of all contracts and the circumstances connected with them. To this, Mr. Cameron answered in two days that his clerical force was not great enough to do it; and that he himself had never made *any* contracts, having left it to heads of bureaus to do so. This assertion brought the very next day, the 17th, a petition from a contractor with Messrs. Cummings & Tucker, who says that if the Secretary is right, he must lose a large sum due him under a contract which they said was authorized by Cameron. Secretary Welles sent in, on the 15th, his answer to the Senate inquiry on buying ships. Mr. Welles justifies himself by showing that some very bad bargains had been made by naval officers, and the Government swindled, before Morgan's employment; that he employed him because perfectly cognizant of and confident in his honesty and ability; that the pay was the usual rate, paid in the usual way, and without loss to the Government; and that the result has been great economy, and the acquisition of vessels every way desirable.

With the same design of economizing, the House on the 14th passed a bill to abolish franking, in the following brief terms: "*Be it enacted, etc.*, That from and after the 1st of July, 1862, the franking privilege shall be and is hereby abolished." This result was really caused by the friends of franking, who supposed that so thorough a measure would be rejected. Some modified franking privilege may be restored in the Senate. An attempt was made on the same day to appropriate $25,000 to the English "World's Fair;" but after a decided speech against the bill by Conkling of N. Y., and a characteristic, violent one, full of hate of England, from Lovejoy of Ill., the House tabled the bill by a great majority. A far more objectionable effort at saving was Mr. Colfax's strange bill to prohibit carrying printed matter except in the mails. As this would cut off newspapers from the private vehicles by which they now furnish nearly all the early news, it has evoked an opposition as universal as it is reasonable; and the bill can scarcely pass.

The remaining legislation of Congress has on the whole been creditable, and shows that our legislators are gradually catching up with the spirit and the resolution of the loyal people, and that growing anti-slavery feeling indicated by the emancipationist petitions which continue to pour in. Lamon, marshal of the District of Columbia, an official not without suspicious antecedents, made some regulations which prevented Congressmen from entering the jail. Before the matter could be laid before Congress, he modified these, and so when Senator Grimes brought them up on the 14th, they were comparatively inoffensive. But Grimes, together with Hale, Morrill, and Wilson, gave the marshal a most severe scourging, both for his own sins and the abominations of his prison. In the same connection, a bill was taken up and passed to prevent imprisonment in this jail without due process of law; Mr. Powell having tried in vain to amend so as to permit fugitive slaves to be kept there without such process.

In the course of this debate Mr. Carlile of Va. made some observations which were taken to be domineering flings at the Republican members, of the bygone plantation style; but upon being sharply rebuked by Morrill and Wilson, he subsided, solicitously disclaiming any such intention. The result of the Lamon debate was, that no further change was made in the marshal's rules, because they will do well enough as they are; and a severe resolution of censure moved by Senator Hale was not passed; but the marshal, besides being turned out of the House, where he had intruded during the debate, has found that he must bow to the power of freedom at least part of the time. During the debate, Pomeroy of Kansas made a striking point, that slavery in the District exists by no law, but merely by usage and sufferance, as the laws of Maryland *at the cession* were to govern it; and among these was then none creating slavery.

The same fundamental question also came out on the debate of the 15th, on Gen. Lane's resolution to employ in the operations of his army in Kansas, *any* persons offering their services. Saulsbury of Del. threatened the ruin of the nation if it passed, while Lane, Harlan, and Trumbull defended it as a practical, common-sense measure. In the debate next day, on Wilson's bill to dismiss army or navy officers arresting fugitive slaves, Saulsbury, and Pearce of Md., opposed it on similar grounds, but Mr. Collamore's substitute, more stringent than the original bill, was passed. These dangerous tendencies toward freedom were earnestly opposed by Wadsworth of Ky., in the House, on the 15th; as, he said, an emancipation policy would make it impossible to restore the Union. The colonization project appeared in the House on the 16th, in the shape of a petition presented by Mr. Blair, and ordered printed, from 140 colored people of California, asking aid in some plan of emigration.

Two election contests were settled, apparently with justice—Lane being awarded, on the 16th, the seat in the Senate contested by Stanton, and Lehman, the Democratic candidate from the Pennsylvania First District, that in the House contested by Butler.

Stanton's nomination as Secretary of War was readily confirmed by the Senate on the 15th, by 38 to 2; but Cameron's, as Minister to Russia, only after a day or two of debate, a good deal of opposition, and by 28 to 14—a significant difference. Several old or elect Senators are charged with treason. A debate on the motion to expel Bright of Indiana, on the 20th and 21st, indicated that he will escape on technical grounds if at all; damaging and apparently conclusive proofs from Missouri show that Wilson, Gamble's appointee *vice* Polk expelled, is a traitor in sentiment and speech; similar charges are pending against Starke, elect from Oregon; and the Senate, always very strongly swayed by personal considerations, is hesitating whether and how to act in all these cases. With more promptness it has rejected some unfit outside nominees to office, such as Watt, the President's gardener, who wanted a first lieutenancy, and Foster, the North Carolina politician, who wanted the marshalship. Segur, who claims a seat in the House from Virginia, has been heard on his claim, but was not admitted.

The investigating committees make respectable progress; and some bill not far different from Senator Trumbull's very thorough one of the 16th, to confiscate the property and free the slaves of rebels, will probably be passed. It is urgently needed. This bill is the most important war measure of the week. A debate in the House on the 20th was of some interest as defining views on emancipation—Bingham of Ohio explaining that his emancipation doctrines only applied to the slaves of rebels; and Fessenden of Maine asserting that wisdom demanded that we should use slavery in gaining the victory if advantageous; while Steele of New York and Wright of Pennsylvania, on the "conservative" side, argued, but not on grounds inconsistent with Bingham's and Fessenden's, that the war should not be expressly and solely for emancipation.

The Sutler bill is causing great fluttering among that class of rapacious birds. They are threatening Gen. Wilson; and are, moreover, out in a card trying to make the soldiers believe that the money they allot to their families is all to be stolen.

Congress has been informed of the existence of five hundred secessionist clerks and others employed in the offices at Washington, but takes no measures to drive them out.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The papers continue to discuss taxation. Most of them call loudly for an honest and sufficient direct tax, to be heavicst on luxuries.—The political movements of the day indicate a general attempt on the part of the old Democratic managers to get ready to upset the Republican party, and resume the reins of power. They will do it, too, if the Government is not well administered by those now in power.

Earnest efforts are made to save Gordon, the convicted slave captain, from being hung. His escape would confirm the slave-trade and destroy hundreds of lives better than his. It would be a crime to save him.—Information collected by the Illinois Central Railroad Co. proves that eight or ten millions of acres of lands in that section will produce cotton at a profit.—A little girl named Flora E. Simmons, who supports herself and a sick mother by selling books on the railroad between Dunkirk and Buffalo, has undertaken to increase her labor 50 per cent. for the sake of devoting the proceeds to the soldiers. She has already, since the war began, herself made and distributed to them 580 pin-cushions and 22 pairs woolen socks.—During December and January twenty-five vessels, loaded with grain from New York, have been lost at sea, in consequence of being filled up by elevators, whose rapid operation prevents proper stowage in the hold, and allows the grain to shift about, and choke the pumps.

The sixth annual Anti-slavery Convention for the state of New York will meet at Albany, Feb. 7 and 8. The call appeals strongly for decisive action in view of the present crisis.—The water furnished by the Chicago works is too fishy to use; it is said even to aggravate instead of extinguishing fires, from the large mixture of *fish-oil* in it.—Many applications for cotton-seed reach the Patent Office from the West. It is intended to distribute small parcels of it for trial in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.—A fine farm near Paris, Ky., which rented for $5 20 an acre in 1860 and $4 80 in 1861, brings but $2 20 for 1862.—Tobacco-manufacturing on a large scale, has been successfully commenced in Pittsburg and Alleghany, and is to be permanently carried on there. This loss of industry to the South is a result of their war.

A Western paper ridiculously gives the recent Austrian note on the Trent affair as from Count *Richbug*, instead of Rechberg. *The N. Y. Evening Post* has several times published imaginary letters between one McClure of Wall street, and M'Kinney of London, satirizing the financial views of the English. *The Liverpool Courier* has been "sold" thereby, and comes out with a long, ludicrous, indignant editorial, reproving *The Post* for being sold, exposing the funny Mr. McClure, and solemnly denying the imputations of his letter.

Gov. Tod's message to the Ohio legislature advocates decided and prompt measures for terminating the war, without reference to *any* domestic institutions; cutting off a quarter of all state, county, and town salaries, and one-third of all local expenses, to be paid, instead, for war purposes; a more thorough taxation, relief from specie payments, and a good militia organization.—W. H. Hurlbut, a literary person rather notorious than eminent, seized at Atlanta, Ga., in Jane as a spy, and imprisoned since at Richmond, has been released by Gov. Letcher.—A low gambling den in Ann street, New York, was broken up on the 15th, and among other seizures its cash-book was secured. This showed for December six days of losses, in all $946, and eighteen days of winnings, in all $3,100; being at the rate of $2,154 a month, net gain.—Barnum has secured a dwarf, termed "Commodore" Nutt of Manchester, N. H., smaller than Tom Thumb, and is to pay him somewhere from $16,000 to $30,000 for the privilege of showing him for three years.

The Connecticut Republican State Nominating Convention met at Hartford on the 16th. After some shuffling and maneuvering between the straight Republicans and those in favor of a "Union" organization, the present state officers were renominated, except two, for whom Union Democrats were substituted. The ticket thus adopted is that of the "Union" convention which met a few days ago.

A State Constitutional Convention organized at Springfield, Ill., on the 7th of January. None has met for fifteen years, and the old constitution, they think, must be worn out by this time. Originally rather feeble, apparently. Of its 75 members, 45 are Old-Line Democrats, and they are believed to have some bad plans in their heads.

The Michigan legislature is considering a plan for a state military school.—Ex-President Tyler died at Richmond, Va., on Friday, the 17th, aged 72, quite suddenly.

FOREIGN.

Expectation and desire for peace grow rapidly in England, and the public funds strengthen accordingly. Baring Brothers have not received any money for paying the interest due in London on Virginia bonds. Natural; and the same characteristic answer is expected when the other Southern coupons are presented there. Cotton is still being shipped at Liverpool for New York.

The eruption of Vesuvius continues and increases, eleven active craters having opened above Torre del Greco. Strangers are gathering from all parts of Europe to see the exhibition. Garibaldi accepts the presidency of the Genoa Rifle Association, and warns them to be ready to take arms, for which, he says, the moment approaches. The Papal budget for 1862 estimates the year's expenses at $10,000,000. The Pope intends to have 10,000 soldiers, being one to every fifty souls of his subjects, which makes him the most warlike prince, for his size, in Christendom. A number of Spaniards, who invaded Italy in the service of the brutal ex-King of Naples, have been executed. Their death is a sort of *finale* to his hopes.

Portugal sides with England in the Trent affair; so does not Russia, who is, as ever, our friend.

Cardinal Mathieu, being some time ago called upon to bless the engines of a new railway, took the opportunity to inveigh against steam and electricity as diabolic inventions. One of the engines breaking away accidentally, "hissed" his speech, and provoked great laughter.

At Novogorod, in Russia, a vast group of colossal figures is being erected to commemorate the thousandth anniversary of the Russian Empire. This is computed from A.D. 862, when Rurik, coming from Rosslagen in Sweden, established himself by arms at Novogorod. The University at St. Petersburg has been closed, and faculty and students dismissed, on account of political troubles in it.

It is said that Nena Sahib, the Sepoy leader, has been taken in trying to escape from India.

The Toronto Leader, the notorious war paper, has found itself forced to dismiss its secessionist editor, to disclaim in a double-leaded leader any past Government authority, and to come out vigorously for amity with the United States.

Mexico is consolidating and rallying against her invaders. 62,000 men have already been offered to the Government, and 150,000 are expected, with 100 parks of artillery. Spain seems to hold Vera Cruz securely. Gen. Prim has left Havana to take command, with 2,828 French troops.

Mr. Corwin is said to have given up all hopes of negotiating a treaty with Mexico at present, and proposes to return home.

The latest arrivals bring abundant confirmation of the sense of relief and joy felt in England at the pacific character of the news from this side. Thurlow Weed has published a telling refutation of a lying letter of the traitor Maury, in *The London Globe*; and the conviction begins to spread that the Southern blockade, after all, will be a good thing, as calculated to enable the development of other sources of cotton supply.

Commercial and Financial.

NOAH ON INVESTMENTS:

A COMMERCIAL SERMON.

Noah was a remarkable man. Old Noah we mean—the father of all the Noahs. Noah was a good financier. He was one of those long-headed men whose brains always command a premium. Such men are scarce in these latter days. Noah knew when it was safe and best to make what they call in Wall street "a bold strike." He was willing to take, as his neighbors doubtless thought, a big risk. Noah had a good deal more pluck than Commodore Vanderbilt. We don't say that he was more fond of navigation than the Commodore, but he was willing to invest his whole capital in one boat. Now Noah's boat must have cost a great deal of money, for we have the best authority for saying that she was a *wonder*. Indeed she must have been a *model*. Probably she excelled the Great Eastern, for in one of the longest storms on record we have no proof that she ever foundered. As Noah was a shrewd man, it is fair to suppose that he expected his investment to *pay*. He undoubtedly looked for big dividends. His faith in regard to results was remarkable. He expected more than the stockholders of "Pacific Mail," who get "five per cent. quarterly." Noah knew the worth of money, for he was a working man. He didn't make his fortune in stock speculations, corner lots, or on army contracts. No. He was one of those slow and sure sort of men, who always kept their eye on the future, and therefore didn't dabble much in soap-bubble operations. Noah had neighbors who didn't believe that the boat speculation would pay. They thought it was putting too many eggs into one basket. According to "true business principles," he should have "scattered his risks" a little. But Noah was an independent man; he had a mind of his own; he was firm. He wouldn't budge a hair from what he thought was best for anybody—not he. Noah's neighbors were undoubtedly very *wise*—say as wise, upon an average, as our capitalists in Wall street. One day these sage men called a meeting of distinguished citizens to consider what was best to be done in regard to this boat-building business. There was a large gathering, and poor old Noah had to take it. The principal speakers said Noah was an unsafe man. They called him a radical, a fanatic, a crazy man, and many other hard names. Finally, a committee was appointed to wait on Noah and expostulate with him for his folly. They took the first fair day to perform their duty. When they drew near, Noah was busy hammering away at his "old hulk," as they called it. The following conversation occurred:

Committee.—Good morning, Noah—good morning. We have called to have a little chat with you on business matters. We want to know what on earth you are driving at—what you are about here—spending so much time and money in such a wild speculation.

Noah.—Good morning, neighbors. Glad to see you—very busy, as you see—hav'n't much spare time. Take a seat on that plank—talk away, and I will keep right on, for I must spike on this flooring—fore sundown—I'll hear you—go on.

Committee.—Be good enough to tell us, neighbor Noah, what in the world you are thinking of. Some of the good people hereabouts believe you are crazy—yes, they do. They don't think it right to waste so much time and money in such a moonshine operation. Why, Noah, you have been more than seventy-five years—ever since some of us were boys—hammering away at this old hulk, and we think it is high time to stop. If you *don't* stop, Noah, we "can't be responsible for the consequences," and, besides, when you get this great concern finished, what are you going to do with it? Where are you going to launch it, Noah? There isn't any water within forty miles of here. Don't you know it, foolish fellow? Come now—just haul off. You are an old man, and ought to enjoy yourself the rest of your days, and—

Noah.—(Interrupting.)—Now gentlemen, excuse me, I think we sha'n't agree—am very busy, as you see—must finish up my boat and now in just twenty-nine years, and can't be interrupted. Large investment, to be sure, but I think you'll say I'm right *in the end*. I intend to put my capital where it will be secure, and besides, I want to provide for the future—to look out for myself and family. There's trouble ahead, and I mean to prepare for it. You think you are right, while I *know you are wrong*. Am sorry, gentlemen, but I'm—going—ahead; I believe if a man does right the Lord will take care of him.

Committee.—Well, Noah, poor fellow, we find that all we hear about you is true. You are no business man—no *financier*. You are a fanatic—a radical—and we advise you to stop short, or, as we said before, "we can't be responsible for the consequences." Come, Noah, we expect a great time over on the Plain to-morrow—plenty to eat and drink. Come now, quit that nonsense—it will ruin you—you won't have a cent left if you go on; your friends will all forsake you. What say, Noah? Won't you join us?

Noah.—*Join you!* Never! No—never!

Exit Committee, while Noah continues hammering.

Now, gentlemen financiers, hereabouts and everywhere, we want to know what you think of Noah's investment—*as it turned out*. You conservative men, who are afraid it will injure your business to do right—what do *you* think of Noah? You faint-hearted men, afraid to suppress the pro-slavery rebellion at so large a cost of men and money—what do *you* think of Noah? You who love ease, peace, and injustice more than God's righteous law—what do *you* think of Noah? Say, what do you think of the financiering, of the investment of Noah? Did it pay? That's the question, and *you know how to answer it*.

FROM A WALL-STREET BANKER.

No. II.

To the Commercial Editor of The Independent:

A commercial people must have credits which expand and contract with the changes of trade. An agricultural people need little credit. They are producers. Their commodities bear about the same price whether sold for cash or on credit; and it is for their interest to curtail credits, that the relative prices of agricultural products may be high in proportion to the prices of manufacture.

Credit is one of those great inventions which grow out of necessity; and it is indispensable to the well-being of every commercial or manufacturing community.

The far-seeing and calculating politicians of the South have known and acted on these principles for many years. Every measure which would curtail credit and diminish the power of commerce without actually appearing to seek that result, has been supported by the Southern members of Congress and of the Cabinet, with a devotion and an unanimity worthy of a better cause.

The South has been so skillful, and part of the North so willing to gain temporary power by giving up permanent good, that the Democratic party have sustained the Southern policy year after year; and Northern Democrats and Southern men united have carried out a policy which the North now sees has been injurious to manufactures, to trade, and to commerce in its broadest sense.

Take as an illustration the act known as the Sub-Treasury law. This was carried as a Democratic measure by the South, aided by the Democratic North; and it was announced and sustained as a *hard money* policy. For a moment we will look at the institution.

Credit is indispensable to commerce. Bank credit is the very life of commercial transactions. The Sub-Treasury declares that the banks are unworthy of credit; that bank-notes are not as good as gold; that Government credit is not as good as gold; that the public must have no confidence in banks, nor yet in anything but gold.

This idea has grown into the mind of the people until the Sub-Treasury has gradually risen to be considered an indispensable institution. The Secretary of the Treasury, in his late report, practically says that bank-notes, even when secured on Government stocks, are not as good as gold, and this is tantamount to saying that Government stocks are not as good as gold. The Secretary recommends that bank-notes so secured be received for all Government dues, *excepting the duties on imported goods*; and this is precisely announcing to the great public that no security is as good as gold, and that gold is the best basis and the best medium. The public have caught the suggestion, and acted upon it, not at once—communities do not act immediately upon such questions—but when they do act it is with a determined will, and entirely to the purpose. But, taught by legislation; taught by the constant declarations of the majority in Congress; taught by the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, the people have gradually learned the lesson that gold is better than the banks, or than bank-notes. And on that lesson they have acted, and, since our last article on the money market, the banks have been called upon for so much of their specie that they have been again compelled to suspend specie payments.

And now the question occurs to every one: What is to be done? Great events are hurrying on with great rapidity; and while our course would be plain, were there time given to prepare for wise action, our situation is such that we must now act, without taking time for the almost indispensable preparation.

It is very plain that what we called in our last article "the fiction of specie payments" must, for a long time, be abandoned. It is equally plain that unless we wish to repeat the ruinous experiment, often tried and always with disastrous results, of an irredeemable and insecure currency, we must find some basis of value other than coin.

Various projects have been suggested; the details of many plans have been given; but starting, as a general thing, with wrong premises, they necessarily run into grave errors;—like the plan of an act which is now before the Committee of the House of Representatives, which proposes that each bank shall keep on hand one quarter of the amount of its circulating notes in coin,—a plan which is physically impossible,—and which also proposes that provided any bank shall invest its *entire* capital in United States stocks, and also retain one quarter of that amount in coin, such institution shall be entitled to receive the moneys of the United States in deposit, without giving further security for the safety of the deposits. If such an institution could be found, we should think it peculiarly unsafe, for it would have no means of paying either the General Government or any other depositor.

In place, therefore, of proposing a tax of three hundreds of millions of dollars this year, would it not be well to propose—

1. A confiscation of rebel property of every kind; all of which, excepting the slaves, should be held and disposed of by the Government as a sinking fund to cancel the national debt?

2. A tax sufficient to pay so much of the interest on the loan as will not be paid by duties on imports?

And 3. The payment into the hands of Commissioners of the sinking fund once in each year of at least one per cent. on the entire national debt, which one per cent. shall be invested in the debt itself, and the interest thereon as it accrues shall be similarly invested. This would give to the holders of the debt perfect security, and give confidence in its value.

G.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

—The receipts of flour at Detroit by railroad and lake in 1861 were 1,327,378 barrels.

Demand Treasury notes at St. Louis are in great request for all business purposes.

—Cotton from Liverpool has been ordered, it is said, to the extent of 50,000 bales.

The loss by the great fire in Charleston is now estimated at only $3,500,000.

—Lead has advanced nearly one hundred per cent. since the commencement of the war.

—It is believed that 5,000,000 acres of land in Southern Illinois are adapted to cotton cultnre.

—The amount of gold and silver received at the U. S. Mint for coinage, the past year, was $121,594,964.

—The total debt of the United States on the 16th of November was $143,418,348.

—Bank of England notes are made by law a legal tender in all cases.

—Boston has a property in buildings, lands, etc., valued at $12,000,000.

—Boots in Richmond are worth $25 a pair, and coffee $1 50 per pound.

—Gold has lately been discovered in Lough Swilly, near Derry, Ireland.

—The Pacific Mail Steam-ship Co. has earned, it is said, 15 per cent. in three months.

—The Manhattan Bank and the Dry Dock Bank of this city have perpetual charters.

—Manufactured cotton goods are now being bought for this market in Montreal.

—A bill has been introduced into our Legislature appropriating $100,000 for the relief of Ireland.

—The total value of taxable property in Ohio is estimated at *one thousand millions of dollars*.

—The *unsecured* currency in the loyal states amounts to nearly $100,000,000.

—The state of Massachusetts has a yearly revenue of $680,000 from its taxed bank capital.

—The Marine Bank of this city has reduced its capital from $664,200 to $400,000.

—The total capital of the banks in Virginia is $14,184,952; circulation nearly $10,000,000.

—The total receipts of breadstuffs at Detroit in 1861 were 44 per cent. greater than in 1860, and 120 per cent. above 1859.

—Gold in considerable quantities is now being found in Nova Scotia. One lot, in bars, amounting to fifty-four ounces, has recently been sold there.

—The total coinage of the Mint and its branches, from their respective organizations to the 1st of July last, amounts $900,000,000.

—The practice with banks, now almost universal, of retaining the interest at the time of loaning money, originated in Athens.

—The Bank of England never pays out either gold or silver coin which has not been previously weighed by that institution.

—The Home Fire Insurance Company of New York has a cash capital of $1,000,000—larger than any similar corporation in the country, and is every way a first-rate institution.

—Prentice thinks the stone blockade, while "rocking the cradle of the deep," will prove a lullaby to the commerce of the rebels in South Carolina. He's right.

—The amount of specie brought from California in 1855 was $41,682,524; in 1856, $40,319,929; in 1857, $34,222,904; in 1858, $36,179,344; in 1859, $39,975,750; in 1860, $33,499,409; in 1861, $34,379,547; total in seven years, $260,259,497.

TAXATION.

The necessity of adequate taxation as a basis of credit and borrowing, as well as directly to meet the expenses of the war, now amounting to $2,000,000 a day, is becoming more visible every day, and the longer Congress delays the imposition, the more confused will our finances become. Taxation on home manufactures and on all the operations of trade and commerce is indispensable.

It is understood that demand notes will be authorized to a large extent, made a legal tender, and secured by being made fundable in a United States stock. When this is done, the payments of the Government will be more regular, and money circulate more freely, to the revivification of internal trade. But to render all this secure, taxation must be imposed fully adequate to the redemption of debt; and no boggling can be admitted in doing so. The final success of the war depends upon it, as money is quite as necessary as heavy battalions. How to impose the most productive taxes is the problem, and no desire of pleasing or fear of displeasing classes must be allowed to prevent the necessary imposition. Taxation is an unpleasant thing, at the best, but the disease which it is to cure is a virulent one, and the severest cautery has to be submitted to. Not what we think we can spare, but what we must spare, has to be given. The wealth of the country is great, and, if necessary, half, or three-quarters, or even the whole of it must be given sooner than succumb in this war for Union and liberty.

The Treasury note bill, for the issuing of $150,000,000 in demand notes, now before Congress, should pass at once. It would give animus to trade, and with the perfecting of a good tax bill, secure *public* confidence.

There is no lack of specie in the country, notwithstanding the speculative demand for it which has arisen. The banks have now over twenty-five millions, and are daily receiving more. It is to pay the war daily expenditure of Government that the demand notes are wanted, and wanted immediately. Such a currency meets the necessities of the case and the wants of the community.

The revenue from customs is too trifling for our wants, and nothing but a system of taxation that will reach every consumer as well as holder of property can be efficient. That "ignorant impatience of taxation," which has before now been pointed out, cannot be allowed to settle down on the mind of a patriotic nation. Issue notes, tax, fight, and move on, without delay. Who hesitates is lost, under the pressing necessity. Who declines taxation is a traitor.

RATES OF DISCOUNT IN EUROPE.

The following are the rates of discount in the principal cities on the Continent:

	Bank Rate. Per ct.	Open Market. Per ct.
Paris	5	4½
Vienna	6	6
Berlin	4	3½
Frankfort	4	3
Amsterdam	4	4
Turin	5½	5
Brussels	4	4
Hamburg	4	3½
St. Petersburg	7	8
London	3	2½

The London rates are more specifically quoted as follows:

30 to 60 days	2½ to 3 per cent.
3 months	3 per cent.
4 months	3¼ per cent.
6 months—bank bills	3½ per cent.
—Inland trade drafts	4 per cent.

Specie is accumulating in the Banks of England and France.

MINT.

It is quite time we had a mint in New York. The futile objections hitherto allowed to prevail against it ought no longer to do so. We have an effective, busy assay office. Add to it the authority of coining. Here the bulk of gold comes, whether in bars or foreign coin, and why send it to Philadelphia, at an unnecessary risk and cost, when it can be coined here? We observe that the Mint price of silver has been raised from $1 21 @$1 22½ per ounce of standard fineness. According to the new rate of purchase, the yield of various classes of coin or bullion will be about as follows:

Five franc pieces	98.0 cents each
Mexican and South American Dollars	106.3 cents each
Old Spanish Dollars	105.1 cents each
Revolutionary or "hammered" Dollars	101.2 cents each
Half-Dollars of the U. S., coined before 1837	52.2 cents each
The same since 1837 to the last change of standard in 1853	52.5 cents each
Spanish Quarters	23.5 cents each
Spanish Eighths	10.9 cents each
Spanish Sixteenths	5.0 cents each
Mexican Quarters	25.3 cents each

Quarter dollars are proportionally less productive of premium, while dimes and half-dimes, coined before 1837, have lost rather more by wear, on an average, than the premium would make up; those coined since 1837 to 1853 will average a premium of 5 per cent. on their nominal value.

German Crowns	112.6 cents each
Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian Crowns	111.4 cents each
Old French Crowns	113.9 cents each
German Florins	41.7 cents each
Prussian and Hanoverian Thalers	71.9 cents each

Fine silver, 136 1-6 cents per ounce.
American plate, 120@122 cents per ounce.
Genuine British plate, 125.8 cents per ounce.

The old copper cents of the United States are received at their nominal values, in even sums of $5 and upward, and cents of new issues given in exchange therefor; but no fractional part of that amount will be taken. Cents of the new issue will be given in exchange for any of the gold or silver coins of the United States. The reasonable expenses of transportation of the new cents in sums of $20 and upward, to any point accessible by railroad and steamboat, will be paid by the Mint.

MONEY MARKET.

The market has fully returned to a condition of ease. Capital is abundant, and superabundant for temporary loans. Long investments are shunned. The rates for call loans are from 5 to 6 and 7 per cent. The general rate is 6 per cent. to brokers. In business paper there has been considerable activity during the week. The best names pass at 6@7 per cent. for four months' dates, and at 8 per cent. for six months. Single first-class names, 7@8 per cent., and second-class, 9@10 per cent. Bank loans are being liquidated, and deposits on private account are increasing, showing the want of satisfactory investments. The premium on gold fell during the week to 1¾ per cent., and with it the rates of exchange; but on Monday the premium on gold rose to 2¾ per cent. The banks find their specie accumulating rapidly again from its flow inward from the interior. Foreign exchange has fallen to 112 per cent. on London for sixty-day bills of bankers. Produce bills have sold as low as 108@109¾; Commercial bills at 110@111. Francs are 5.10@4.98¾; Hamburg 37¼@38; Amsterdam 42⅝@43; and Bremen 81@82.

STOCKS.

The stock market showed great activity, with considerable fluctuation, terminating, however, in rather better prices. Government stocks are steady. The registered 6 per cents. of 1881 sell at 90. The leading railroad bonds have advanced. Bank stocks also have generally appreciated, and close with an upward tendency. The sales from Saturday the 10th to Saturday the 17th, were—

188	shares Bank of Commerce	77@79
31	do. American Exchange	80@81
38	do. Metropolitan	72
50	do. Park	92
60	do. Shoe and Leather	84
20	do. Commonwealth	70

DRY GOODS.

There is more activity in trade, and the opening of the season is occasioning much preparation. Heavy buyers in New York and other parts are looking over the market and making selections on a large scale, to meet expected demands, and prices of all goods have still an upward tendency.

Domestic Goods.

Home-made fabrics are less active than foreign. All cotton goods are good purchases in an evidently rising market, and